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By bequest of
William Lukens Shoemaker

THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF

A

SERIO-LUDICRO, TRAGICO-COMICO

TALE;

WRITTEN BY

Thinks-I-to-myself Who?

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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Gift
W. L. Shoemaker
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THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF, &c.

I was born of very honest, worthy, and respectable parents: at least I *think* so. They were certainly fully as much so as their neighbours: their circumstances were affluent; their rank in life conspicuous; their punctuality as to the discharge of all just debts, and regular payment of their trades-people, unexceptionable. They generally appeared to be regarded by all around them in a very respectable light, being in the habit of receiving and returning, according to the customs of the world, all the usual compliments and civilities of visits, entertainments, &c. &c. Divers personages, of all ranks and denominations, used occasionally to resort to the house: some in carriages, some on horseback, some on foot; some in a formal, stiff, ceremonious manner; some upon a footing of intimacy and equality; some upon special invitation; some quite unexpected.

Not having very good health in my early days, I lived much at home, and generally kept my good mother company; so that I was present at most of the meetings and greetings of which I have spoken; privy to all the preliminary arrangements of chosen and select parties; and a witness commonly to the *reception given to the several invitations* that came from all quarters of the neighbourhood; as Lord and

Lady *this*; Sir Timothy and Lady *that*; Mr. and Mrs. *T'other-thing*, &c. &c. &c. all *in* their turns, and *out of* their turns, *welcome* or *unwelcome*, *friends* or *foes*, were, in the course of the year, admitted or invited to the Hall. For we lived, you must know, in a HALL! that is, our house was called so:—not when I was born, nor till long afterwards; nor ever very seriously; rather, indeed, as a nickname than any thing else. The case was this:—my sister happened to have a correspondent at a school near London, who, finding it essentially necessary to the support of her dignity among her school-fellows, always directed her letters so: for the parents of one, she found, lived at something HOUSE; and of another at what's-its-name PLACE; and of another at thingumme LODGE; of another at the GRANGE; of another at the CASTLE; of another at the PARK: some lived on Mount PLEASANTS: some on ROSE Hills; some on PRIMROSE Banks; some at BELLEVUES; some in PARACON'S; some in CIRCUSES; some in CRESCENTS: in short, all boasted of a title and distinction, which our poor old mansion seemed to want: whether it were the dwelling of a Duke, or a Cheesemonger, it was all one: so that, in her own defence, she thought it fit to aggrandize her correspondent, in the eyes of her school-fellows, by conferring a *title* of some sort or other on our old mansion; and, as HALL appeared to be as much unoccupied as any, she determined to direct to us, not at simple "*Grumblethorpe*," as formerly, but at GRUMBLETHORPE HALL, which certainly sounded much grander.

And, for the House's sake, I must aver, that

it deserved a title far more than half the *Lodges*, and *Places*, and *Parks*, and *Mounts*, and *Hills*, and *Banks*, in the kingdom: for it was a regular, good, old-fashioned mansion; situated in a very reverend and venerable park; with a stately avenue of lofty elms, reaching near a quarter of a mile; a handsome terrace in front, and a noble prospect from the drawing-room window; so that I have often thought it no less than a degradation of our venerable residence to be tricked out in this manner: but our friend could not, it seems, well help it! to live at only "*Grumblethorpe*," sounded so *base* in the *refined* ears of her associates, that she was in no small danger of being contemned and despised for having such a correspondent; especially by Miss *Blaze*, the daughter of a retired tallow-chandler, whose father lived at Candlewick *Castle;* and who was continually throwing out hints, that *not to live* at a *Castle*, or a *Park*, or a *Place*, or a *House*, or a *Lodge*, manifestly and unequivocally bespoke so lowly an origin, and so Plebeian a parentage, that, for her part, she wondered how any person, so meanly connected, could possibly have found her way to so genteel and *select* a seminary; in short, our friend found, that the only way to allay the degrading suspicions which had been excited, was to new-name our old mansion, and *Grumblethorpe Hall* became its established designation.

Well,—to this mansion, this HALL, as I said before, divers persons and personages resorted. The neighbourhood was tolerably large, and the neighbours themselves what is commonly called, SOCIABLE;—so that with stated,

and settled, and *pop* visits, we were *seldom alone.*

I know not under what particular planet I was born;—I never asked any cunning man to cast my nativity, and, not being born under *Mercury*, I was never cunning enough to find it out of myself;—but if there be any one of them, that has any peculiar influences in the way of *consideration*, *reflection*, or *soliloquy*, no doubt I was born under *that;* for, being more given to taciturnity than loquacity in my boyhood and early youth, and being sickly besides, the part I generally bore, in most of the companies I speak of, was, to sit quite quiet, and make observations and remarks to myself upon the conversation and conduct of others: but by degrees I got into a habit, not only of thinking, but of *talking* to myself; and if any thing was done or uttered, at any time, that suggested certain *un*-utterable remarks, I fell into that particular state of soliloquy and mental reflection, which I cannot possibly define or describe, otherwise than by the vulgar and trite, but significant phrase, "THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF."

It is past all conception how continually I was driven to have recourse to these mental remarks;—scarcely a word was uttered that did not suggest something odd and whimsical to my watchful mind;—often did it make me quite tremble for fear I should, by any accident or inadvertency, utter *aloud* what was passing only in my *thoughts;* I suppose, had it happened, it would at any time, and on a sudden, have made such a group as nothing but the pencil of an *Hogarth* could have adequately described; for, in our neighbourhood, as in *most*

others, (though a *very sociable* one,) the truth is, —there was such likings and dislikings, such jealousies and suspicions, such envyings and emulations, such a *contrariety* of feelings and sentiments, as would have set every thing in an uproar in a moment, had not the utmost and most unwearied attention been paid, by *all* parties, to the preventing any discovery of the *truth*.

My poor mother had not a spark of ill-nature in her disposition, no pride, no uncharitableness; but was certainly as well-bred, and as ready to make allowances for others, as most people; but *she* could distinguish, as well as any, between *agreeables* and *disagreeables*, and be as much affected by them; and thought, I believe, that, take it altogether, there was *rather* a predominance of the latter, in the affairs, and occupations, and common pursuits of the world:—she did not open her mind to me so fully upon the subject, as to enable me to state what was the exact nature of her feelings; but I could collect a good deal from her conduct and manner occasionally.

The first tendency to indulge myself in the lucubrations and reflections I describe, arose from the strange circumstances that seemed to me to attend her intercourse with her neighbours; that is, the *giving*, and *receiving* of visits!

One day, when I was sitting quite snug with her, and she was occupied in writing to my sister, who was absent from home, I spied at the end of the avenue a group of pedestrians slowly making up to Grumblethorpe Hall, apparently dressed in their best bibs

and tuckers for a morning visit: *Thinks-I-to myself*, here's some agreeable company com ing to my dear mamma! how kind it is of her neighbours to call in upon her thus, and not leave her to mope away her time by herself, as though she were buried alive!—Not being willing, however, to run any risk of *disappointing* her, I waited patiently to see whether they were *really* coming to the Hall, for part of the avenue was the high-way to the village; I kept watching them, therefore, with no small anxiety, *for fear* they should *turn away abruptly*, and deceive my expectations; but, when I saw them *happily* advanced beyond the turning to the village, and was, therefore, certain that they were really coming to see my dear mother, I hastily turned round to her, exclaiming, "Here's ever so many people coming, mamma!" thinking to delight her very heart:—"People coming," says she; "I hope NOT!" "Yes, indeed, there are," says I;– "one, two, three, four ladies, a little boy, and two pug dogs, I declare!" "Bless my soul!" says my mother—"how PROVOKING! it is certainly Mrs. Fidget and her daughters, and *that* troublesome child, and now I can't finish my letter to your sister before the post goes!—I wish to goodness they would learn to stay at home, and let one have one's time to one's self!" *Thinks-I-to-myself*, my poor mother seems *not much* to like their coming; I am afraid the Mrs. and Miss Fidgets will meet with rather an unkindly reception! However, I plainly saw that there was no stopping them; they got nearer and nearer;—the walking was not over clean, and my mother was the neatest woman in the world.

Thinks-I-to-myself, the *pug dogs* will dirty the room. At last they arrived;—the servant ushered them in;—sure enough, it was Mrs. and Miss Fidgets, and the *troublesome* child, and all! Mrs. Fidget ran up to my mother as though she would have kissed her, so glad did she seem to see her. My mother (bless her *honest* soul!) rose from her seat, and greeted them most civilly. "This is *very kind*, indeed, Mrs. Fidget," says she, "and I esteem it a *great* favour!—I had no idea you could have walked so far; I am *delighted* to see you!"—

Thinks-I-to-myself,—she wishes you all at Old Nick!!!—

Mrs. Fidget assured her she *might* take it as a *particular* favour, for she had not done such a thing, she believed, for the last six months; and she should never have attempted it now to visit *any body else!*

Thinks-I-to-myself,—then, Mrs. Fidget, you have lost your labour!—"And now," says she, "how I am to get home again I am sure I cannot tell, for I really am thoroughly knocked up:"—*Thinks-I-to-myself*,—my dear mother wo'n't like to hear that!—but I was mistaken: for, turning to Mrs. Fidget, she said, with the greatest *marks* of *complacency*, "That's *good hearing* for *us*; then we shall have the *pleasure* of your company to dinner; Mr. Dermont will be *delighted*, when he comes home, to *find you all here*." "O, you are very good," says Mrs. Fidget, "but I *must* return whether I can walk or not, only I fear I must trouble you with a longer visit than may be agreeable." "The *longer* the *better*," says my dear mother. *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—that's a ———!!

While my mother and Mrs. Fidget were engaged in this *friendly* and *complimentary* conversation, the Miss Fidgets were lifting up the little boy to a cage in which my mother's favourite Canary bird hung, and the boy was sedulously poking his fingers through the wires of the cage, to the great alarm and annoyance of the poor little animal. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, my mother will wish you behind the fire presently, young gentleman! but no such thing! —for, just at that moment, she turned round, and, seeing how he was occupied, asked if the cage should be taken down to amuse him. "He is a *sweet boy*, Mrs. Fidget," says she; "how old is he?" "Just turned of four," says Mrs. Fidget. "*Only four*," says my mother; "he is a remarkably *fine strong boy* for that age!" "He is, indeed, a fine child," says Mrs. Fidget; "but don't, my dear, do that," says she, "you frighten the poor bird." As the Miss Fidgets were about to put him down, my mother ventured to assure them, that he would do no harm: "*Pretty little fellow*," says she, "pray let him *amuse* himself."

All this while the two pug dogs were *reconnoitring* the drawing-room and furniture, jumping upon the sofa continually with their dirty feet, and repeatedly trying to discern (by the application of their pug noses to our feet and knees) who my mother and myself could be, barking, besides, in concert, at every movement and every strange noise they heard in the passage and hall: Mrs. Fidget sometimes pretending to chide them, and my mother as carefully pretending to excuse them with her whole heart: often did I catch her casting, *as I thought, a*

wishful eye on the letter to my sister, which lay unfinished on the table: nay, *once even* when her attention had been particularly solicited to some extraordinary attitudes, into which the little dogs had been severally bidden to put themselves *for her express amusement.*

But these *canine* exhibitions were nothing to the one with which we were afterwards threatened; for my mother's high commendations of the little gentleman of *four years old* induced his sisters to propose to their mother that he should "let Mrs. Dermont hear how well he could *spout.*"

Thinks-I-to-myself, in some confusion, spout what? where? how?

I soon found, however, that it only meant that he should entertain us with a specimen of his premature memory and oratorical talents, by *speaking* a *speech.* Strong solicitations were accordingly made to little Master, to begin the required display of his rhetorical abilities; but, whether it were on account of shyness, or indolence, or sulkiness, or caprice, or, in short, merely that little Master was not in a spouting cue, he betrayed such an obstinate repugnance to the task imposed upon him, that it required all the entreaties of the rest of the party to induce him to make the smallest advances towards the exhibition proposed. Each of his sisters went down on her knees to coax him, while Mrs. Fidget huffed and coaxed, and coaxed and huffed, by turns, till she was almost tired of it. Now promising such a load of sweetmeats, as soon as he got home, if he would but begin; and in the same breath threatening the severest application of the rod if he did

not instantly comply. At one time kissing him and hugging him, with a "Now do, my dearest love, be a man, and speak your speech;" at another almost shaking his head off his shoulders, with a "Stupid boy! how can you be so naughty before company!"

At last, however, upon my mother's tapping the pretty child under the chin, and taking him *kindly* by the hand, and expressing (Heaven bless her!) the *most ardent wish* and *desire* to be so *indulged*, he did condescend to advance into the middle of the room, and was upon the point of beginning, when Mrs. Fidget most considerately interposed, to procure him to put his right foot a little forwarder, with the toe more out, and to direct him about the proper motion, that is, the *up-lifting* and *down-dropping* of his right arm during the performance; one of his sisters, in the mean time, seating herself near to him, for fear of any accidental slip or failure in the young gentleman's miraculous memory.

His first attempt was upon *Pope's Universal Prayer*, but, unfortunately, of the fourth line he managed constantly to make but one word, and that so odd a one, that the sound but ill atoned for the manifest ignorance of the sense.

> Father of all, in every age,
> In every clime ador'd
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jovajovalord!

Jovajovalord! This was the word, and the only word, that could be got out of his mouth, and, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it would be well if no greater blunders had ever been committed

with regard to that insidious line; however, in consequence of this invincible misnomer the Universal Prayer was laid by, and other pieces successively proposed, till it was at length unanimously determined, that what he *shone most in* was King Lear's Address to the Tempest, and this was accordingly fixed upon as his *chef-d'œuvre* in the art of oratory.

Some preliminaries, however, in this instance appeared to be necessary. It was not reasonable to suppose young Master could address a storm without some sort of *symptoms*, at least, of a *real* storm. It was agreed upon, therefore, that he should not commence his speech till he heard a rumbling noise proceed from the company present, and we were all desired to bear our part in this fictitious thunder; how we all thundered I cannot pretend to say; but so it was, that in due time, by the aid of such noises as we could severally and jointly contribute, the storm began most nobly, when the young orator stepping forward, his eyes and right hand raised, and his right foot protruded *secundum artem*, he thus began·

"Blow, winds, and cack your cheeks!"

"Crack your cheeks, my love," says his sister, in great haste and agitation: "what can you mean by cack your cheeks? what's that, pray?"

"Ay, what is that," says Mrs. Fidget;—"but I believe, ma'am," adds she, turning to my mother, "I must make his excuses for him; you must know he cannot be brought yet to pronounce an R, do all we can, so that he always leaves it quite out, as in the case

of *cack* for *crack*, or he pronounces it exactly like a W.

Thinks-I-to-myself many do the like.

"We choose speecnes for him, therefore," continues Mrs. Fidget, "in which there are many R's, on purpose to conquer the difficulty, if we can: begin again, my dear," says she, "and pray remember not to leave out your R R's;" so he began afresh:

"Blow, winds, and cwack your cheeks!"

"Cwack," says Mrs. Fidget, "why, that is almost as bad; try again—"

"Blow, winds, and cwack your cheeks! wage,—"

"*Wage*, my dear," says Mrs. Fidget, "do pray try to say rage."

"*Wage*,
You catawacks and hurwy canoes, spout
Till you have dwench'd our steeples, dwown'd
the cocks!"

"Bless me," exclaims Mrs. Fidget, "you might as well not speak at all as speak so! I defy any body to understand what you mean by dwown'd the cocks!" The little gentleman, however, proceeded in spite of the R R's.

"You sulphwous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt—couwiers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my *white* head—and thou, all shaking thunder,
Stwike flat the thick wotundity o' the world;
Cwack nature's mould, all germins spill at once,
That make ungwateful man.
Wumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout wain!"

"O dear, dear, dear," says Mrs. Fidget, "that will never do: wumble thy belly full, spit fire,

and spout *wain*! who ever heard of such things? Better, my love, have done with that, and try the Bard;" but the Bard, beginning

"*W*uin seize the *w*uthless king!"

put us too much in mind of "*w*umble your belly full," to be proceeded with, and therefore little Master was at last bidden to descend from such flights, and try *his Fable;* but even his Fable, which happened to be the first of *Gay*, happening, most unfortunately, to begin with an R, his setting off here was as bad as ever, viz.

"*W*emote from cities liv'd a swain—"

however, he got through about ten lines, making, as I observed, a dead pause at the end of every one, and not disposing very discreetly either of his *accents* or his *stops:* his delivery being, as nearly as possible, just as follows; his accents falling on the words printed in Italics; and his pauses as noted by the perpendicular and horizontal bars:

"His *head* was | *silver'd* | *o'er* with *age*—
And *long* ex- | *perience* | *made* him *sage*—
His *hours* in | *cheerful* | *labour* flew—
Nor Envy *nor* | *Ambition* knew—"

At the beginning of every couplet I also found his right arm regularly went up, and, precisely at the end and close of every rhyme, came plump down again. Most happily, at the eleventh line, the young gentleman's miraculous memory was *nonplused*, and neither mamma, nor any of his sisters, nor either of the pug dogs, could

at all help him out. *Thinks-I-to-myself,—I could* if I *would*—but I *did* not. Would you? —N. B. There were seventy more lines to come, and an R in almost every one of them, and time, as usual, flying briskly all the while.

This stop and impediment, however, was fatal to the young orator's progress, and therefore, at last, Mrs. Fidget being rested, they all prepared to go. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, now my poor mother will be happy again! but she, good soul, seemed to have got quite fond of them in consequence of the extraordinary length of their stay: she could not now so easily part with them: she was sure Mrs. Fidget could not be thoroughly rested: the clock had but just struck two: if they would but stay a little longer, my father would be come home from his ride, and he would be *greatly mortified* to miss seeing them; but nothing would do:—go they must:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, now a fig for your friendship, Mrs. Fidget; what, not stay when my mother so earnestly presses it! not stay, when she declares your going will mortify my worthy father! No—nothing would stop them;—away they went; not, however, indeed, without sundry promises on their part soon to call again, and divers *most earnest entreaties* of my mother's, on *no account to forget it.*

They were scarce gone out of the front-door before my father entered:—"Are they really all gone at last?" says he, "I thought they would have staid till dooms-day:—who in the world were they all?"—"O dear," says my mother, "Why, Mrs. Fidget and her tribe; girls and boy, and two pug dogs."—"Thank

my stars I *escaped* them," says my father: THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF, great symptoms of *mortification* my dear father shows at having had the *misfortune* to *miss seeing* them! "I declare," says my mother, "it is abominable to break in upon one in this manner: it was impossible to entertain such a group; so, while Mrs. Fidget and I were in conversation, her young people and the dogs had nothing to do but to tease the bird, and dirty the furniture; that little monkey of a boy is always in mischief; I could freely have boxed his ears; I thought he would have killed my poor bird; I was in the midst of a letter to Caroline, and now it's too late for the post; how Mrs. Fidget can spend all her time in visiting and walking about in the manner she does, I cannot conceive; I am to take it as a *great* and *singular* favour, she tells me, as she always does every time she comes, thinking, I suppose, that I don't know she is never at home; I think she'll lose that boy; I never saw such a *puny, sickly child* in my life:"——*Thinks-I-to-myself*,—O poor Mrs. Fidget; *fine stout* boy of its *age!*

My father, with a great deal of good breeding in general, was a plain, blunt man in the mode of expressing his sentiments; so that my mother had scarcely finished what she had to say, but my father burst out—"Tiresome woman," says he, "she ought to be confined; —she's always wandering about with a tribe of children and dogs at her heels;—there's poor Mrs. Creepmouse is quite ill from her visits; you know what a nervous creature she is."

My father would have gone on ever so long,

probably, in this strain, had not the servant entered with a note; which my mother immediately opened, and read aloud; the contents being to the following effect—

"Mr. and Mrs. Meekin present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Dermont, and shall be *extremely happy* to have the *honour* of their company to dinner on Saturday next at five o'clock."

Thinks-I-to-myself, how *civil*, *polite*, and *obliging!*———The servant was ordered to withdraw, and tell the messenger to wait.——As soon as he was gone, "Good God, (says my father,) those *people* will never *let us alone;* surely we dined there last;" my mother thought not;—my father thought they were for ever dining there;—my mother convinced him, by a reference to her pocket book, that Mr. and Mrs. Meekin were quite right as to the balance of debtor and creditor. "Well, only take care," says my father, "that we do not get into a habit of dining there above once or twice a year at the utmost; it is really too great a sacrifice." —"What, do you mean to go, then?" says my mother.—"Go," says my father, "why, I suppose we *must*."—"I wish they were further," says my dear mother.—"I wish they were at Jericho," says my dear father.—"I had rather do any thing than go on Saturday," says my mother.—"I had rather be hanged than ever go," says my father, "it is such an intolerable bore."—"Well," says my mother, "but the servant's waiting;"—so she took the pen, and away she wrote two or three lines in a moment. —"There," says she to my father, "will that do?" *Thinks-I-to-myself, short* and *sharp*, proba-

bly! My father, happily for me, read it aloud:—"Mr. and Mrs. Dermont return their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Meekin, and will wait upon them with the *greatest pleasure* on *Saturday* to dinner." *Thinks-I-to-myself*, well done, my sweet tempered mamma! how *mild* and how *forgiving!* But my father surprised me most; instead of throwing it into the fire, as I expected, he declared it would not only *do*, but do *vastly well;* he, therefore, sealed it himself, rang the bell, gave it to the servant, and desired that he would give their best compliments;—"And mind," says he, "you ask the servant how they all do; be sure you make him understand." *Thinks-I-to-myself*, what heavenly-mindedness! what Christian charity!

I expected the servant every moment to return with an account of our friend's health; but no such thing: my father and mother seemed to have quite forgot they had made the inquiry. I ventured to remind them of the servant's neglect. "Ah!" says my father, "my boy, you *don't know the world.*" *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—what's that to the purpose; but I never went further than necessary. It seemed unaccountable to me what could be the nature of my father's and mother's sentiments and feelings, to send with such earnestness to ask how their friends did, and never want an answer: however, the servant did return soon after to bring some sandwiches, and my mother immediately asked him whether he had been careful to inquire how they all were, which the servant answered in the affirmative: Well, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, and how are they all, then? no, not a word further; dead or alive, it seemed

to be all one to my father, my mother, and the servant; not an item about the health of master or mistress, son or daughter, though I knew there was a house full of them: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, as sure as can be, that fellow knows something of the world: but my contemplations were again broken in upon by the entrance of the servant with another note, which my mother broke open, as she had done the other, and read as before.

"Sir Henry and Lady Lydiard beg the favour of Mr. and Mrs. Dermont's company to dinner at five o'clock on Saturday next." *Thinks-I-to-myself*, what's to be done now?—"Let the man wait," says my mother; "was ever any thing so unlucky, Mr. Dermont? Had it come but a moment sooner we should have been totally disengaged."—"The deuce take the Meekins," says my father.—"What can we do?" says my mother.—"Go, by all means," says my father, "and send an excuse to the others."—"But it will be so rude," says my mother.—"Oh, never mind that," says my father; "write a note, and I'll send it."—"But what can I say?" says my mother.—"O, say we were previously engaged, and had forgot," says my father: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, what a bounce! "Well, but then we must accept *this* invitation," says my mother.—"By all means," says my father; "we always meet a pleasant party at Sir Henry's." So a note was written, which I neither saw nor heard, but I dare say it expressed great pleasure at being *completely at liberty* to wait upon them, for that seemed to be the reply they had agreed upon between themselves.

The next thing was, to write an excuse to

the others: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, how will my dear mamma manage that! Says my mother, "To be sure, if we *can get off*, it will be *delightful*."—"Get off!" says my father, "we *must* get off,—it is bore enough in common to go there, but to give up a pleasant party at Sir Henry Lydiard's, to dine humdrum with the Meekins, is too much." By this time my mother had made some progress in her note of apology.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, to be sure she is telling them the exact truth, for she takes no time to frame any fudge or falsehood: well, it was soon finished, and as soon read to my worthy father, while I had the happiness to hear, and to treasure up, the exact contents of it; they were, I apprehend, precisely as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. Dermont present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Meekin, are *extremely sorry* and *concerned* to be under the *necessity* of informing them, that, when they answered their *obliging* and *kind invitation* for Saturday, they had, *by accident*, *forgotten* a *previous engagement* to dine at Sir Henry Lydiard's, which will *entirely prevent them* the *great pleasure* they had *promised* themselves of dining on that day at Meekin *Place*. They *hope another time* to be more *fortunate*, as it is with *extreme regret* that they feel *compelled* to send this excuse."

Thinks-I-to-myself, Lord have mercy upon me; how well my dear mother seems to know the world! I actually began to be alarmed; I loved both my father and mother sincerely; I had judged them to be above all deceit, and yet, what was I to *think* now? I pondered and ruminated upon it a good deal, when the servant entered a third time: "Ma'am," says

he, "there's some company coming down the avenue; will you please to be at home?" *Thinks-I-to-myself*, please to be at home! why where else can she please to be? "Oh," says my father, hastily, "*not at home*, *not at home*, unless it should be *so* and *so*, and *so* and *so*," enumerating rapidly a select list of worthies. As there was a necessity for the carriage to pass the window of the room where we were sitting, and it was too near to admit of our going elsewhere, my father and mother got both behind a great screen, while I was hastily hurried up into the nook of a book-case: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I suppose this is *being not at home!* As the servant had inadvertently left the door open, I observed that it was judged necessary, for fear of discovery, to stifle all sorts of natural or other noises, even to the inhalation and exhalation of the breath of life; so that my father stood with his pocket handkerchief stuffed into his mouth, and my mother with her lips pressed close and flat against the back of the screen, while I poked mine, as well as I could, behind the book-case, whence a little dust seemed to arise that made me fear greatly that a *sneeze* would be inevitable; while we were thus grouped, expecting every moment that the carriage would drive off, in came the servant with two of the finest ladies in the neighbourhood, who actually discovered my father and mother behind the screen, who were obliged, accordingly, to come out, which they contrived to do with the greatest apparent delight, so that *I*, of course, apprehended the visitors must be some of the *so* and *so's* that were doomed to be admitted: "I was sure you were at home."

said they; and so they might well be, for another servant, whom they had met in the avenue, had told them so, as it turned out in the end. "We could not think who it was," said my mother; "had we had the least idea of its being *you*, we should have been at home of course, but we had intended to deny ourselves if it had been any body else."

I would have given any thing to have known *enough of the world* to have determined whether I ought to come out of my hiding place or not; for my father and mother, in their confusion, had quite forgotten me, and the company had managed to seat themselves so as to be wholly incapable of investigating the contents of the nook in which I happened to stand. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, they talk so loud, I may at least breathe more freely; but at length what I was most afraid of actually befel me; some dust, or some smoke, or some sunshine, or something or other, or the mere expectation and alarm of it, got up my nose, and so affected the olfactory and other nerves of that noble organ as to produce an indispensable necessity to take some measures to stifle the storm of sneeze, with which I seemed to be threatened; unfortunately, I had not time to go to my pocket, so that I was obliged to let all depend upon the weak resistance to be produced by the interposition of my five fingers; which having, as every body knows, as many interstices as there are fingers, had no other effect but that of ramifying and dividing the noise into as many parts as there were fingers, so that out it all came, *five-fold* louder than there was any natural necessity for; the sounds, besides being severally of a

description by no means fit for the refined ears of a courtly company; the effect was such as might be expected; the two strangers were nearly thrown from their seats by the shock and alarm of so unexpected a salute, while my father and mother were little less surprised, and at the same time much more confused. I was of course obliged to come out, and an attempt was made to laugh the matter off; but one of the ladies was really so alarmed as to be near fainting, and, though she made every effort to seem to forgive me, yet I was sure by her looks that she wished me dead, or worse, if possible; they took the earliest opportunity afterwards of ordering their carriage to the door, and, as they quitted the house, I secretly gave them my blessing; it then first came to my knowledge that, instead of being any of the *so* and *so's* that had a fair claim to be admitted, my poor father and mother would as willingly have seen the witch of Endor, and that the whole visit had been the effect of accident and blunder.

But what made it worse was, that, as they got into the carriage, some still more disagreeable people came to the door, at that very instant, whom it became, therefore, an equal matter of impossibility to refuse, and who were accordingly forced upon us for a full hour:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, nothing can exceed the patience of my dear father and mother, when I saw them bow and courtesy to these additional guests, expressing joy rather than sorrow at their untimely visit, and giving them every other testimony of a hearty welcome. These were new comers into the neighbourhood, and it was the

return of their first visit.—My father and mother knew as much of them, and they of my father and mother, as the emperor of China knows of the Cherokee Indians. They were not in that elevated rank of life that excites confidence even amongst strangers, nor did they appear to have much more knowledge of the world in general than myself; I did not think it worth my while to stay very long in the room after their arrival, having no great prospects either of edification or amusement from the conversation of the whole group taken together. Mrs. Fidget and her party, and the fine ladies whom I was near sneezing into fits, had plenty to say for themselves; but the gentleman and lady, that had succeeded to them, seemed to have not much larger a vocabulary at their command than a poll-parrot. The utmost efforts of my poor father and mother to get them to make a few advances of themselves towards conversation seemed entirely to fail;—so that all that was uttered was by starts and jumps, with long intervals of dead silence;—as the sun was shining full into the room, and had been so all the morning, my mother *ventured to remark*, that "it was a beautiful day," to which both assented;—"but rather too warm," says my father.—"Rather too warm, certainly," said they both at once; and a dead silence followed. "Are you fond of the country?" says my father. "Very fond," said they both, and another dead silence ensued.—"Are you a sportsman?" said my father. "No," says he; and a dead silence. "Are you any thing of a farmer?" "No;" dead silence.—"Are you fond of fishing?" "No;" and another dead silence:—while exactly in the

same manner was my mother engaged in pumping the lady:—"Are you a great walker?" "Yes;" and a dead silence.—"Do you draw at all?" "No;" and a dead silence.—"How many young folks have you?" "Five;" and a dead silence. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, sure they fancy they are being tried for their lives! I could bear it no longer, but found means to depart; and yet I learned afterwards that they had the conscience to pay quite as long a visit as if they had been the most agreeable people in the world.

It was from such scenes as these, continually repeated, that I acquired the habit I speak of—of soliloquy and suppressed remarks. Often have I wished to get the better of it since I have been grown up; but it still haunts me,—for every ten words that I utter out aloud, twenty or forty perhaps are mumbled in silence to myself: the worst of it is that though nobody can have been more disposed than myself from my very childhood, to love my fellow-creatures; my mental remarks, spite of my teeth, will be continually suggesting something bad or ridiculous concerning them: I have detected such deliberate falsehoods, such atrocious inconsistencies, such barefaced hypocrisy, such base dissimulation, that often my very hair has stood on end, when I felt a "*Thinks-I-to-myself*" coming upon me.

As I have ever been a dutiful and most affectionate son, the reader may easily suppose my concern was not small to gather this mortifying experience of the ways of the world, most immediately and expressly,—indeed, for some time solely,—from the conduct of my beloved

parents; for it was from them that I *first* learned that it was *possible* to be *extremely happy* to have the *pleasure* of seeing the *most tiresome people in the world!* that it was *possible* to be *much mortified* at being *prevented* the *happiness* of dining with a whole heap of *insufferable bores;* that it could be necessary to *hope* to be *favoured* or *honoured* with the company of persons, whom in our hearts we thoroughly wished at Jericho. These things induced me to say, at the beginning of my book, that I *believe* I was born of honest parents:—honest I really think they were, only that their honesty was mixed up with a large quantity of dishonesty; that is, they were as honest as it is possible for people to be who can be *happy* to be *made miserable; pleased* with *disagreeables; mortified* by what is *delightful;* who can *hope* for what they most *dread; ask as a favour,* what they would give the world *not to receive;* and accept with *great pleasure* what they would give the world to *decline.* I was uneasy, as I have said, as long as these discoveries all tended to the reproach of my beloved parents. Surely, *Thinks-I-to-myself,* I am born of a race of hypocrites and deceivers. There cannot be a molecule of honesty left in the whole current of the blood of the Dermonts! Many uneasy days and nights I passed in endeavouring to think better of people I loved so much; but it was long before I had any fair opportunity of being at all undeceived; and perhaps I never should, had it not been for a little bit of stratagem, which, upon any less occasion, I should have disdained.

One day, when I was sitting with my mother, as usual, but a considerable time after the scene I have been describing, the identical party I have before spoken of came again;—videlicet, Mrs. and Miss Fidgets, the *troublesome child*, and the *two pugs*. *Again* was Mrs. Fidget *delighted* to see my mother, and my mother her: *again* did the one intend it as a *great* and *singular favour*, and *again* did the other receive it as such; *again* was the *troublesome child*, instead of getting his ears boxed, as I thought he deserved, pronounced to be a *sweet child*, and a very *fine boy* of his *age*, though in reality as *puny* and *sickly* as my mother really thought him when he was with us last; *again* were the dirty *pugs* admired and caressed; *again* were they *pressed* to *stay longer*, thanked for their *kindness*, and urged to come *again*. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, what can all this mean? Is my mother that downright hypocrite, that artful deceiver, deliberately to impose upon all her friends in this manner; and are they all such silly dupes as to be so easily taken in? *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I know what I'll do; so I jumped up from my seat, hastily quitted the room, and ran into a field near the house, which happened to be separated from the avenue by a high and thick hawthorn hedge, which continued a considerable way, and where I knew I should be able to hear all the friendly remarks of the company as they quitted Grumblethorpe Hall.

I had not been long there before out came the whole group; and, as good luck would have it, they came quite near enough to me to admit of my receiving into my poor innocent ears

every soft and gentle expression that fell from their amiable tongues. "Thank my stars," says the worthy Mrs. Fidget, "*that visit's over!* we *need not* go *there* again for some time; it is all so formal and so prim, one's half afraid to open one's mouth: poor little Tommy, how do you like that old lady?" "Not at all," says the pretty child. "Nor I neither, my dear," says Mrs. Fidget. "Nor I neither," says Miss Fidget. "Nor I," says Miss Matilda. "Nor I," says little Miss Nancy. "What a strange creature," adds Mrs. Fidget, "is that hopeful scn of hers! he never speaks a word; I believe he's an idiot! and yet to see the foolish fondness and credulity of parents; I verily believe they fancy him wise enough to be Prime Minister; but he'll die, I think;—he's as thin as a threadpaper, and looks for all the world, in that black jacket of his, like a half-starved chimney sweeper. Did you see how he muttered something to himself as he went out of the room? It will be a great mercy if he is taken out of the world, for it is a shame for such *clodpoles* to be born to such an inheritance: here, Matilda, we must turn down here; I may as well go and see old Mrs. Creepmouse, now I am so near, and then we shall have killed two birds with one stone."

Thinks-I-to-myself, so you will, Mrs. Fidget, or perhaps *three:* for she seemed to have taken pretty good aim at myself as well as at my mother and old Mrs. Creepmouse; and I confess I felt so utterly astonished and confounded, that I did not quite know whether I stood on my head or my heels; however, the first thing that struck me was, that my poor dear parents

were quite exonerated: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it all comes of their knowing the world! no, there's nothing in it beyond self-defence. Mrs. Fidget's singular favour and prodigious friendship is evidently no better than a deliberate attempt to kill my poor mother with the same stone she kills Mrs. Creepmouse, and to rejoice all the way home at having done it effectually. I returned to the house, heartily glad to have made so successful an experiment, though, instead of curing me of my malady, I plainly saw it would increase it abominably. I went back to my mother, and, as might naturally be expected, found her as much delighted to be left alone again as the Fidgets were to get away. I was almost tempted to say, Do you know that you and Mrs. Creepmouse have both been, by this time, killed by one stone? but I must have, by doing so, betrayed my plan of listening, which I had great reason to think would have excited her displeasure; for she had always discouraged it as a matter of great impertinence, great disingenuousness, and great meanness, both in myself and my sister, adding the old proverb, that "*listeners never hear any good of themselves;*" which I had pretty well found to be true, in the compliment paid, by the lovely Mrs. Fidget, to my poor threadpaper form, chimney-sweeping jacket, and clod-pole.

It would be impossible to recount but the hundred thousandth part of the strange scenes to which I was witness, and the strange remarks they suggested, before I was grown up to be a man:—but most of them till then were of a nature I have alluded to. My enmity to Mrs. Fidget soon wore off, as I made greater

progress in the knowledge of the world. I soon found that Mrs. Creepmouse could just as willingly have killed Mrs. Fidget, as Mrs. Fidget could have killed Mrs. Creepmouse, and that, in the true way of visiting, the more havoc and destruction one stone could make, the better to all parties. I soon found that people were troublesome to each other by settled compact, treaty and agreement, not signed, sealed and delivered, indeed, in any form, but concluded to be so, and therefore never to be violated. I soon found that none were duped, none really taken in, none really deceived;—that "I am extremely happy to see you," meant no more, in reality, than, that "I am come because I could not help it;" and that "Pray stay longer," implied little else than "I wish you were gone," or some such elegant valediction:—still I could not break myself of my soliloquies: they were for ever recurring:—in the mean time, I tried to be as civil and decent as I could in my reflections:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, that's a *lie!* never once passed the very threshold of my thoughts;—but when any thing very contrary to the truth seemed to strike me, especially where ladies were concerned, the utmost asperity of thought indulged was no greater than *Thinks-I-to-myself*, that's a *bounce;*—or a *fib;* or a *hum;*—and so on.

I have never yet told the reader, though Mrs. Fidget, in the avenue, had nearly let the cat out of the bag, that I was born to a considerable inheritance and a *title;* my father, through his mother, who was the daughter of a Scotch Earl, being heir, after the death of a distant female relation, to a Scotch Barony.—You may

be pretty sure that all this was not unknown to many of the visitors at Grumblethorpe Hall; and that the poor clodpole was an object of interest to others besides my worthy parents: —in the very next parish lived a gentleman and lady, who had inherited an over-grown fortune from a most distinguished ancestor, namely, John Twist, Esq. the great tobacconist: seventy or eighty thousand pounds were nothing:—they were thought to have got from him, in all, as much as three or four hundred thousand, with which they had purchased a magnificent seat in the neighbourhood; and, unluckily for me, their lands joined my father's: —I wish every acre of it had been in *Nova Zembla*. These good folks happened, as is generally the case, I think, not to be overburthened with children; had they been day labourers, they would have had a hundred:—but all their progeny was *one only daughter;* heiress, of course, in the eye of the world, to all the leavings of the rich tobacconist.

My father, God bless him! was not covetous, but he knew that a title brought with it large and ungovernable expenses; he had no more pride than he had covetousness, and, I believe, would as willingly have seen the expected Barony branch suddenly off from the main stem of his inheritance into ever so distant a collateral ramification, as come down, either perpendicularly or zigzag, exactly upon his head: but come it would; and who could help it? while the lands originally attached to it were expected, some of them, to stick to the earldom, which went into another line, and some to an elder barony, and some to this, and that, and t'other, till

nothing but an *empty coronet* seemed left to my poor father:—his own estate was excellent for a private gentleman, but he did not like this poor barony, that was coming down to make him more conspicuous.

Miss Grizilda Twist was just three years younger than myself; all the pains that were possible had been taken to make her extremely disagreeable; she had been indulged from infancy in every whim and caprice that could enter her weak mind, and *overloaded* with *accomplishments* that filled her head with conceit; she was abominably proud, as might be expected, and by no means of an amiable temper:—I would describe her person, but it may seem invidious; for, perhaps, many more amiable persons may, jointly or severally, have similar features; and, as I mean that every body in the world shall read this book, I wish to give no personal offence to any. I leave you all therefore, gentle readers, to guess whether her hair was black, brown, or *bright red*;—whether her eyes were hazel, blue, or *emerald green*;—whether her nose was Roman, Grecian, aquiline, or *turned up in front, with large open nostrils*;—whether her teeth were ivory-white and even, or *black* and *jagged*: I will fairly say, I did not myself admire her person, but nothing more: Ladies are ladies.

One day, as my father and myself were walking round the grounds, he began about the peerage that was likely to come to us: says he, "Bob, you know you are to be a lord." "I have heard so, sir," says I. "So much the *worse*, my boy," says he. "Certainly, sir," says I, (for I never contradicted him:) but, *Thinks-*

I-to-myself, all the while—Why so? "You know, I suppose," says he, "that no estate comes with it?"—"Not till you told me, sir," says I. "A title without an estate is a sad incumbrance," says he. I assented, though I cared no more about it than the man in the moon. "*This* property is great enough in its way," added my father, "but not sufficient for a *Peer*."—I forget what reply I made to this; for, just at that moment, he turned his right leg over the upper bar of the stile, and there he sat. *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—"We'll ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross;"—what in the world makes him sit so? Says my father, slapping his *left* thigh, "*This* leg, Bob, is in Grumblethorpe domains:"—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, he's going mad! then, slapping his *right* thigh,—"In what domain is *this* leg, Bob?"—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, he foams at the mouth! However, he went on:—"*This stile*, Bob, you must know, exactly divides our property from Mr. Twist's." I was delighted to hear him talk like a rational creature again: he looked at me, however, as if still waiting for a reply, though I had said, "Does it, sir?" or "Yes," or some such thing, in answer already: he repeated the remark. *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—what can my father mean? "Many estates, Bob," continues he, "pass down straight forward through a long, long line of lineal descendants; some go off at right angles one knows not where, for want of children to succeed;—some gently and smoothly glide into other families as by adoption, sale, or *marriage*:" he again made a solemn pause. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, what next?—"What a pity," says he, "Bob, that poor Mr. Twist should have no son."

—I said not a word :—" A *daughter*," continues he, " must carry it all into some other family." I said nothing : " I suppose," says he, there's many a young man looking out for Miss Twist:" —*Thinks-I-to-myself*, let 'em look ! Just at this moment we were interrupted. My father was called home to some persons who wanted him upon business ; so, recommending it to me to continue my walk on the *Twist side of the stile*, he quitted me and returned to the house.

The Twist side of the stile was the way to the vicarage. There were none of the neighbours I had liked better than the family there. Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville were most amiable and worthy people, and, not being over rich, had a large family : some of the boys had been occasionally my playmates, as the daughters had at times visited my sister. I found myself got very near to their gate before I was aware even of my own designs. It happened, that, in my ignorance of the world, as it's called, I was in some points as much unacquainted with *myself* as with other people. I had long perceived that the vicarage was the only house I really liked to visit. I had also perceived, but I could not quite account for it, that when Emily Mandeville, which was the name of the eldest daughter, either went out of the room, or came into the room, spoke to me, or I spoke to her, I had the *queerest* sensation about the region of my *heart*, that could be conceived. It seemed to beat and bump ten times quicker than common. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it's St. Vitus's dance.

These symptoms I knew to be greatly and rapidly increasing, so that I had a great mind to ask the apothecary about it : we had always

been great and particular friends. Whether *her* heart *bumped* as much as mine, I had never yet asked her,—but she always appeared happy in my company: her temper was the sweetest in the world, and as to her person, I certainly need be under no such scruples as I was about Miss Twist's, if I could but describe it: for, let all the females in the world read my book, none of them could wish to be more elegantly beautiful than Emily Mandeville: every one would of course desire to resemble her in "voice and feature, form and gait:"—let every one, therefore, only *fancy* her as *beautiful*, and *amiable*, and *lovely* as *themselves*, and I need say no more. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, that's enough.

I found Mrs. Mandeville and her daughters all busily engaged: some working, some reading, and some drawing. Mr. Mandeville, though not rich, nor over-well endowed, had, in his early days, kept much good company, as had Mrs. Mandeville also, so that, in a simple and plain manner, every thing had an air of elegance;—there was no vulgarity; every thing was equally distant from a vain display of finery, and a shabby meanness. Mr. Mandeville had travelled, and was well acquainted both with books and men. He had a fixed and rooted respect and reverence for every thing connected with religion, without the smallest tincture of enthusiasm or bigotry. He was, perhaps, altogether, the most polished man in the neighbourhood, though many looked down upon him from above; while, from below, every body looked up to him; that is, the poor all loved and respected him, for they knew the man; the rich knew in general only his office;

some were too great in their own conceits to associate with a country vicar, and some were of too mean capacity to be even capable of associating with him. As for my father and mother, I *must* say, *they* thoroughly understood his worth, and in their intercourse with him, I can venture to assert, thought of nothing else. My father found him much above the common run of his country associates, and my mother found in Mrs. Mandeville a friend she could trust; for she was free from vanity, and disdained all parade of forms and pretensions.

During my visit at the vicarage the morning I am speaking of, something led us to advert to our *great* neighbours, the *Twists*. Mrs. Mandeville observed, that Miss Twist was extremely *accomplished*;—that she had had masters of all descriptions, and of course must have learned a great deal. I confess it surprised me always to hear any body speak well of the absent, and, therefore, (though, as for poor Miss Twist, I abominated her,) I heartily joined in the encomiums. I agreed with Mrs. Mandeville in all she said; for how could I do otherwise? Miss Twist *had* had many masters, and therefore might naturally be *expected* to know much; far more than I thought it necessary for her to know:—she had learned I know not what.—music, dancing, painting,—these were common, vulgar accomplishments:—she had attended a world of *fashionable* lectures, and was therefore *supposed* to understand Chemistry, Geology, Philology, and a hundred other *ologies*, for what I know, enough, as I thought, to distract her brain: however, I observed, that, when I agreed so much with Mrs. Mandeville, my dear

friend Emily suddenly arose, and quitted the room: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, she's gone to fetch her thimble, or her scissors, or something or other; but I immediately felt *that* bumping at my *heart*, of which I have spoken, come on so much, that I wished Miss Twist and all her accomplishments at the bottom of the sea.—As it was growing late, I found it necessary to depart; and, therefore, getting up and shaking them all by the hand, I wished them good morning, adding, as I shook the last hand of the interesting group, Pray tell *Emily* I wish *her* good bye,—which brought back all the bumping to so great a degree, that as I walked away I could scarce move or breathe.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, it's certainly an apothecary's concern.—I must ask Mr. Bolus about it, as sure as can be, in a day or two.

When I got home, I found that, among the visitors that had been at the Hall that morning, were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Twist, and her governess: I thought my father and mother seemed somewhat concerned that I had been out of the way; but reproof I received none. They appeared to be in no manner displeased that I had been at the vicarage:—but the visit of the Twists, I found, had ended in an invitation, particularly extending to myself.

We were, in three days from that time, to go to dine at *Nicotium Castle*. On the morning of the day we were to dine there, I found my mother prone to dwell upon the beauties of *Nicotium Castle*:—what a delightful place it was; adding also, as Mrs. Mandeville had done, what an *accomplished* girl Miss Twist was; how very *learned*, and how very *clever!* It is

amazing what a relief I felt to the bumping at my heart, whenever the conversation took this turn; so that I began to take a pleasure in talking of Miss Twist. I was so easy and comfortable the moment *her* name was mentioned, that any body could have been encouraged to go on with it: had Emily Mandeville been mentioned, my malady would have returned so immediately that, no doubt, the conversation would have stopped at once: but this never happened. Nobody thought of mentioning her to me, and I could have died upon the spot sooner than have mentioned her name to any body else.

The day came for our visit to Nicotium Castle. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I'll ask if I may'nt dine at the vicarage: so at breakfast I humm'd, and haw'd, and ventured to say, "I had rather be *excused* going to Nicotium Castle." My father looked black; my mother looked I know not how: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it don't seem agreeable. "You cannot with propriety stay at home," says my father, "because you were so particularly invited:" *Thinks-I-to-myself*, what if I say I had the *misfortune* to be *previously engaged!* so says I, as bold as brass—"But I was previously engaged to dine at the vicarage!"—"Previously engaged!" says my dear mother, "that cannot be: it would be a great act of rudeness to put off the Twists with an excuse like that." *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I don't know enough of the world to understand the exact nature of these put off's. My father said, "I *must* go;"—I made, therefore, no further objections.

The hour came, and away we went. Every thing at the Castle was most splendid. There

was every sort of rarity: every thing that it *was not easy to get:* I would have given the world to have sat by my dear mother, but, as *accident* would have it, I got exactly between Miss Twist and her governess. *Thinks-I-to-myself,* I hope she won't ask me about any of the *ologies:* as it happened, she did not; but she talked to me very often; offered me abundance of nice things; and as for Mr. and Mrs. Twist, nothing could possibly exceed their attention. *Thinks-I-to-myself,* a fig for Mrs. Fidget: Clodpole is somebody of consequence at last! In the evening, as more company came, we found that it was to end in a ball. I would have given ever so much to have danced with my father or mother:—not that I was so ignorant as not to know that this was impossible, but I felt so inexpressibly shy as to dancing with any body else. *Thinks-I-to-myself,* I'll go and sit with the fiddlers; but, unhappily, just as I was going, Mr. Twist came behind me:—"Young Gentleman," says he, "you must open the Ball with my daughter:" *Thinks-I-to-myself,* if I *must,* I *must*:—so away I went, up to the top of about twenty couple.

I had learned plenty of Latin and Greek of my tutor, but as for dancing, I knew but little of it. *Thinks-I-to-myself,* I wish I were a cow, or a sheep; for, if ever *they* dance, they are not particular about steps; whereas I scarce seemed to know whether I was to begin with my heels or my toes:—however, away we went, and with a little pulling, and hauling, and pushing, and shoving, I got at last to the bottom of the room: Miss Twist twisted in and out so adroitly, that we happily arrived at our

journey's end without any lives lost or limbs broke, though I thought all seemed to be in danger. "Pray," says Miss Twist, "don't engage yourself to any body else;" *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I wish I could. In the mean time, all the young men in the room, I observed, came to ask her to dance; but she was engaged for the whole evening to Mr. Robert Dermont: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I'll let you off! But nothing would do; I was fixed for the evening; and at supper had to preside, with the *amiable* heiress of the castle, at the second table. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I wish I was at home, and a-bed, and asleep; however, at last the entertainment happily came to an end, and away we all went.

As we were upon our return, my mother observed how much I had been honoured in having had Miss Twist for a partner,—intimating that all the other young men that were there envied me. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, well they might: but, another time, I had rather *they* than *me:* however, luckily I escaped all my bumping at the heart: Emily Mandeville was not of the party. Mr. and Mrs. Twist's invitations did not extend to the *Vicarage;* but what was particularly provoking, when I got to bed at night, I felt a great bumping, because *she* was *not* there. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I must certainly take some physic.

The very day after the ball, Mrs. and Miss Twists called upon my mother again. Much of the conversation, of course, turned upon the company that had met together the night before. Mrs. Twist expressed great satisfaction that her daughter had had so *proper* a partner: "I

don't like her to dance, ma'am," says she, "but with people of family!" *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—"You know, Bob, you are to be a lord!" and now it's out! I began now to have some suspicion how the land lay, as they say:—I began now to discern, that the Twists knew something about the *stile* as well as my father. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, as sure as can be, they are inclined to replenish my empty coronet, and interweave a few leaves of tobacco with the Baronial balls; however, nothing of all this was suffered to pass my lips. I looked upon it all as a good scheme, and admirably calculated to cure my bumping of heart; for, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it is impossible I could pass my life with Emily Mandeville, since my heart bumps so dreadfully, even at a distance.

It was amazing the number of civilities and invitations that passed now between Nicotium Castle and Grumblethorpe Hall. They were continually coming to us, or we going to them. Mrs. Twist was always talking of people of family; my father and mother always lamenting to me the expectation of the *unendowed* Barony. All this while I continued in the habit of visiting at the vicarage, though my heart bumped so excessively, whenever I was there, that I thought I must entirely give it up.

One day, as I was walking in the garden with Mrs. Mandeville and the females of the family, it came into my head that Emily would like to have a beautiful moss-rose that I had just gathered: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I'll go and stick it in her bosom:—at that very moment I had such an extraordinary seizure of the bumping at my heart, that I was ready to drop; but

what appeared to me more strange was, that I *could not* go to her, do what I would; for the first time in my life, I felt a sort of dread of her. While Mrs. Mandeville had been questioning me about the ball at Nicotium Castle, a little before, I thought she looked displeased with me, and when I expected it of her *as a friend* that she would have *liked* to hear of the notice that had been taken of me, I observed she walked quite away:—I had never quarrelled with her in all my life, nor she with me:—I would have done any thing to have served her, or pleased her; and now that I felt afraid of her, I still seemed to want to serve her, and please her more than ever: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, certainly I am bewitched;—soon after, she came up to us of her own accord: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, now I'll give the rose; so I went to her with it, and was going to offer it; but my tongue suddenly got so perfectly dry in my mouth, that I'll be hanged if I could speak a word. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I am certainly going to die. I was so frightened, I got away as soon after as I could; but the bumping continued all the way home, worse, I think, than ever. I was afraid to tell my mother of it, because I knew she would send for Mr. Bolus, and that always ended in such severe and long-continued discipline, generally beginning with an emetic, which tore me to pieces, that I always kept my maladies to myself as long as I could.

As my sister was just come home, I asked her about it; but she only laughed at me, though I could not tell why: I got into my father's library, one morning, in order to try if I could *find my case* in any of the physical books

there, of which he had a store. I looked into a good many, just running over the *symptoms* of each, which caught my eye, as being in capital letters, thus, SYMPTOMS,—and it is past all conception what a variety of diseases I seemed to have; for to look for *bumping*, only, was nothing; the more I read, the more *symptoms* I detected;—I was not aware of a hundredth part of what I suffered, *till the book suggested them;*—I plainly saw my case to be (at least I thought so then) a complication of all the classes, orders, genera, and species of disease, that had ever afflicted the race of man. As I went along, and questioned *myself as to the several symptoms of the different disorders as laid down in the book*, I found I had not only *bumpings*, but *dreadful pains* in my *head* and *loins*, with a *weariness of limbs; stretching*, *yawning*, *shivering*, and *shaking*, which are pretty plain signs, as any body must allow, of an approaching fever; I had a *rigour*, or *chilliness*, *pains* in my *back*, *difficulty of breathing*. I had a violent *pricking* pain in one of the sides, deep down among my ribs, which was manifestly a *pleurisy* or *peripneumony;* I could not exactly discern which: I had violent *flushings in the face*, *disturbed sleep*, and a *singing in my ears*, which seemed to me to indicate a *phrenitis:* I had a painful *tension* on the right side also, just opposite the *pricking* pain on my left, under the *false* ribs, which I knew at once to be a *disordered liver*, in short, I kept looking and looking, till I was evidently convinced that I had not a sound part about me; and I should, I am persuaded, have taken to my bed, and died, to the great joy of Mrs. Fidget, if it had

not been that I rather *wished to die.* Ever since Emily Mandeville had looked grave at me, I had felt as bold as a lion about dying, and, I will venture to say, could have resolutely walked into the very arms of old Dry-bones with his hour glass, had I but met him any where in my walks.

I did, however, take a *little* medicine, by advice of the *books*, *picked* up *here* and *there.* I managed to buy some *ipecacuanha*, *asafœtida*, *Glauber's salt*, and compound tincture of *senna*, which, mixing up with a small parcel of *jalap*, and some *succotrine aloes*, (not very regularly, I confess, for I knew nothing of the proper proportions,) I took a tea-spoonful night and morning, for three days, which so effectually moved my stomach, as to give me, as I thought, the fairest chance of a perfect recovery; however, not so; I could not reach the *bumping*, after all, which occurred so instantaneously upon the smallest recollection of Emily Mandeville, that, had she been old and ugly, or had she ever been seen in the air on a broom, it must have convinced me, that she was the exact person that had bewitched me. I continued in this state for some days after my sister's return home; during which time Miss Twist came often to see her in her carriage, and Emily Mandeville once on foot: I could plainly perceive, that, though the latter did not at all mind coming on foot, the former was very proud indeed of coming in her carriage: but, what was odd, even this difference between the two, as soon as I perceived it, brought on the *bumping* at my heart: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, Emily shall ride in her carriage too.

I know not how long I might have remained in this miserable, uncertain state, had it not been for the most unlooked-for accident, that ever befel one in my sad condition. One day that Miss Twist had dined with us, she and my sister, in the evening, were playing and singing at the piano-forte. They both sung extremely well, only Miss Twist was so abominably affected, I could not bear to look at her while she sung, but stood at a distance, generally, listening to the words. Music I delighted in; especially, I found, since the first attack of my *bumping*—there were some tunes so exquisitely soothing and delightful, I could scarce bear them; and some of the words of the songs seemed to me to touch my complaint: Miss Twist, I perceived, had a particular knack in fixing upon such songs: at last there came one that completely opened my poor dull eyes; the two first verses were sufficient. I had not made complete experiment of all,—but my eyes were opened, as I say: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, "that's enough:" as I whispered to my sister to beg her to repeat it, I could not help marking every word, the second time, and accompanying them with my usual soliloquies.

"When Delia on the plain appears,"

sung Miss Twist:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, when Emily Mandeville walks in the garden,

"Awed by a thousand tender fears,
"I would approach, but dare not move;"

Thinks-I-to-myself, SYMPTOMS!—the exact case to a hair! never was any thing more plain!—

" Tell me, my heart, if this be LOVE!"

Yes, undoubtedly! Neither *fever*, nor *pleurisy*, nor *peripneumony*, nor *phrenitis*, nor a *diseased liver*, but LOVE! downright love. My eyes were opened, I say.

As ill luck would have it, however, Miss Twist, I believe, thought *her* eyes were opened too. She had no questions to ask her heart about love, for I believe she was perfectly incapable of that amiable passion in any serious degree; nothing, I am confident, would ever have made her heart bump as mine did; but, having been instructed and tutored at home to lay siege to my expected Barony that was coming from the North, and having fully learned to believe, from Father, Mother, Governess, Nurse, &c. &c. &c., that there was nothing she could purchase, with her riches, half so valuable as a coronet and supporters for her carriage, having the Twist arms in the full middle of all, as an heiress, she was interested in all the love-symptoms that could, by any means, be discovered in the heir apparent of all these valuables; and therefore she thought it worth her while to make that malady her study; and, as she could not fairly ask to feel my pulse, she could only judge at a distance, as it were: so she had made already almost as much of this one verse as I had: "*When Delia on the plain appears*," was to *her*, "when Miss Twist comes in her carriage;"—"*Awed by a thousand tender fears, I would approach*,"—she put, "*He* would approach;" that is, me, (me, myself, me,) the *clodpole*, "HE would approach, but dare not move."

I don't wonder she was mistaken; for certainly I "was *awed*," though not by "*tender fears*:" I was *afraid* of her *ologies*, and *heap* of vain *accomplishments*;—and, though *I* certainly did not wish to *approach her*, yet, as I certainly did *not* approach her so much as *she* wished and expected, it was a fair conjecture to think I *would*, but could not, and that I dared not *move*, and so, take it altogether, no wonder her pride and prepossessions plainly told her, that this was love; love in *me* towards *her* own *sweet* person; she therefore made sure of her game: the song being asked for again, convinced her that it was by way of enabling her to discover the precious secret: so that she felt quite convinced of being her Ladyship already, and wondered what could make the old people in the North live so long: my father and mother also, I apprehended, she wished somewhat older, though perhaps she would have allowed the latter a little respite as a Dowager.

I thought, however, I had made *two* discoveries from this song: the third stanza pleased me as much as any; for, by applying it to Emily Mandeville, I began to flatter myself I had discovered a reason for her turning away, when her mother and I were talking so much about the ball at Nicotium Castle, and the accomplishments of Miss Twist.

"If she some other youth commend.'

Thinks-I-to-myself, why not—"If *he* some other *maid* commend?"—"Though I was once his fondest friend;"—"Why not," says I, "*her* fondest friend?"—"His instant enemy I

prove;"—"Why not," says I, "*her* enemy?" and so on:—surely, *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—*symptoms* again:—my heart bumped more than ever, but it was become quite a pleasant sensation;—I had quite given up all thoughts of asking the apothecary about it;—I meant, henceforward, to ask nobody about it but Dr. Emily Mandeville.

I had not time yet to think the least in the world about Miss Twist's disappointment; indeed, I could not care a halfpenny about it; for, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, love won't kill *her*, and there's coronets enough to be had for money; who knows but she may buy an Earl or a Duke; but poor Emily Mandeville can't buy even a Baron: and thus I ran on whenever my thoughts took that turn:—however, I could not help now beginning to make comparisons between the heiress of Nicotium Castle and the meek-eyed maiden of the Vicarage. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, what's all her Chemistry and Geology, and French and Italian, to the plain sense and rational understanding of Emily Mandeville? What are all the airs and graces, and conceit and affectation, of the haughty Miss Twist, to the artless simplicity and unassuming innocence of the Vicar's daughter? She may ride in her coach, and have necklaces and bracelets of the choicest jewellery; she may sing like a *Catalina*, or dance like a *Dogalani*; but I want not to pass my life amidst diamonds and rubies; I want something better to associate with than the puppets of an Opera House.

But there was one circumstance, with regard to the Twists, that had a great tendency to set

me against them:—they seemed to me to have no sense of religion;—their pew at church was generally empty; or, if they chanced to come there, they were too late, or there was such a talking in their pew, or they seemed none of them to have any books, or they knew nothing of the sermon afterwards, or something or other happened to convince me that they had not any of them any proper sense of religion at all;—Church was a bore to Miss Twist;—Mr. Mandeville's sermons were shockingly long;—her papa always took a novel in his pocket; and Mrs. Twist wished she was close to the parson with a spur, to urge him on a little quicker; now I shall make no scruple to say, that I had ever a propensity to hold such sort of people in absolute contempt and abhorrence;—my father and mother had each of them a just sense of religion; they were Christians, not in form only, but at heart; they never disputed about it, or made a parade of it; but any thing that in the least offended against the sacredness of place, person, or thing, connected with religion, excited their displeasure; so that I was bred up from a child to entertain a reverence for whatever belonged to it; and it is no wonder that this should have led me to look more narrowly into these matters, and make it no subordinate object of my studies:—I was fond of books always:—I had been admirably instructed:—Mrs. Fidget thought me a clod-pole because I could not talk in the way *she* did; but while *she* talked *without thinking*, *I* thought *without talking*:—I would not be so uncivil to Mrs. Fidget as to insist upon it, without farther argument, that I had the advan-

tage; but it appeared to me, I must confess, that I was no clodpole for what I did. I never shall regret the want of language that may have excited Mrs. Fidget's spleen; want of thought would have given me more concern. But to return to what I was discoursing upon:—

Bred up as I had been, it may easily be supposed Mr. Mandeville's house, and manners, and way of going on, were more congenial to my feelings than the empty glare and glitter of Nicotium Castle: at Mr. Mandeville's every thing was regular, comfortable, and consistent; one would have stepped at any time out of his house into the other world without confusion; but at Nicotium Castle nothing was regular, nothing comfortable, nothing natural, all artificial; and, as for stepping out of that gaudy Castle into the other world, it was quite horrible and shocking to think of it. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, (often,) What will the angels say to thee, Mr. Twist, when thou appearest at the gates of heaven! Alas! *Thinks-I-to-myself*, surely I know:—"Thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things, likewise Lazarus evil things:" I had not so little charity as to be ever able to proceed; for, after all, the melancholy thing was, Mr. Twist *knew nothing about the other world!* he knew much more of the *Sporting Calendar* than of the *Bible*. He thought, probably, (if he ever thought at all upon the subject,) that there was a regular *Nicotium Castle* prepared for him among the *many mansions* we read of in the *Book of God;* and that, if there were any thing that might not come to him in the way of inheritance, merit, or grace, *money* could *purchase it.*

I am afraid I have fallen deep into a digression:—well, then, gentle reader, if you don't like *this* digression, burn all the rest of the book, but don't touch the digression itself: give it me back again; I value it;—I don't care what you like or dislike; upon that particular topic I *will* speak *my mind:* If I am to be a *clodpole*, let me, for God's sake, be at least a *religious one.*

My worthy, good and kind mother thought the ball at Nicotium Castle was too pointed not to render it strictly incumbent on her to give a ball at Grumblethorpe Hall; at which, good soul, I make no manner of doubt, she looked forward, with feelings something like those of Mrs. Twist, (only not so vulgar,) to the pleasure of seeing Miss Twist and me dance together. She spoke of it to my father, and, as he thought it quite right, to be sure it must be done directly:—for the only thing, in which I think my poor mother might be vulgar and unfashionable, was, that of having a perfect deference to the opinion of my father,—so much so, that I have often thought she really loved him:—but what made a great puzzle and combustion among us sometimes, was, that my father had just as great a deference for my mother; so that, if, by any untoward accident, any project, business, or engagement, hung upon a balance between them, it was almost impossible that it should ever get settled; *each* insisting so strenuously *not* to have it *their own way,* that, I am confident, had it been left to them to settle the planetary system, and the dispute had been about the right and left course of the orbits, that glorious luminary, the sun.

might have stood still for ever, without a single body to revolve around him.

Well, the ball was of course determined upon, and the day fixed; and, in two days after the determination, a pack of printed cards having been procured, numberless invitations were written, many of them by *Clod Pole* himself; but here a great difficulty arose;—my sister wished all the Mandevilles to be invited, and to have beds at the Hall; my mother assured her they were not of the party at Nicotium Castle;—"not," says she, "that I think them unworthy of having been there, for, on the contrary, I think it would have been better had Mrs. Twist invited them, but only now they will not expect to be invited: but I will see what your father says:" I said nothing, and I *thought nothing!* for I was, as it were, *flabbergasted*:—what that means, I don't know, but, having heard it used upon occasion by very elegant people, I adopt it, as it seems to me to mean something very applicable to my feelings.

I shall cease to describe the *bumpings* I had at my heart, because I now understood them, and thought them quite natural. I confess, I felt anxious about my father's coming home, though neither my mother nor my sister said a word about it: at last, however, he came;—he had been out a riding with Mr. and Miss Twist, of all the people in the world, so that I augured rather unfavourably as to the issue of the business:—he was not long returned before he came into my mother's room: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I wish I was dead and buried. I expected them to begin upon it immediately; but no such thing:—the deuce of a word was

uttered, either about the Twists or the Mandevilles, for a full quarter of an hour at least:—at last my sister began; says she, "Papa, don't you mean that the Mandevilles shall be invited to the ball?"

Just at this moment the servant entered, and my father was called out of the room; I could have freely knocked the fellow on the head.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, he did it on purpose;—however, the business was not urgent, and my father came back again; says my sister, as before, "Papa, don't you mean to have the *Mandevilles* invited to the ball?" "Who *are* invited," says my father. "Every body," says my mother, "that was at Nicotium Castle."—"The Mandevilles were there," says my father hastily. "No, not one of them," says my mother.—"Then," says my father, "it's a —— shame!!"—My mother, and my sister, and myself, all slunk back; such an expression from such a mouth bespoke an earnestness we were unaccustomed to: says my father, "Are *you sure* they were none of them there?"—"Indeed," says my mother, "they were none of them invited."—"Then," says my father, "send to them directly, and tell 'em we have beds for them all; and tell 'em we'll send the carriage for them; and tell 'em to bring my favourite young Tom; and tell 'em they had better come to dinner, that they may be in time;"—so saying, he quitted the room, and banged the door after him, as much as to say, "I'm almost in a passion:"—my mother said not a word, but went and got some paper;—says she, "Don't send a *card;* it's too *formal;* here, write what your father said," holding out a sheet of paper;

--my sister gladly took the pen, and scribbled away the full amount of my father's liberal invitation:—I wished very much to be the messenger to carry the note to the Vicarage, but I could not muster up quite courage enough to propose it;—so it was sent in a common way.

My mother was particularly anxious not to be at any extraordinary expense about the ball, though my sister had heard a great deal about the splendour of that at Nicotium Castle, and wished, of course, that ours should be as grand: I am not sure but she had some bumpings at the heart about it, she seemed so earnest; but my mother took pains to convince her, that *extravagance* was no real mark of *gentility;* that it was better to appear to want some things that might have been procured, than to go much out of the way to procure things that might reasonably be dispensed with;—says she, "My dear, the Twists sent for every thing from London; surely it is better to have it supposed that *we need send for nothing!*"

It may easily be imagined that, till the day came, not much else was thought of;—it was amusement to my mother and sister; it had much in it to produce *my bumpings* at *heart;* and, as for my father, he waited patiently for it, I believe, without giving himself a moment's concern about the business. Though I had not ventured to ask to carry the note to the Vicarage, I could not help going there soon after, over Twist *stile* and all. When I got there, I said, "I hoped we should see them;" for they did not immediately answer the note, not knowing how to arrange about the dining and sleeping, &c.—Says I, "I hope you will all come;"

and, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I hope my dear Emily will dance with me; but as for *uttering* it, I might as well have been born dumb: it passed *in* my mind freely enough, to and fro, upwards and downwards; but *out of* my mind not a hair's breadth: I looked and sighed, and, like Alexander the Great, "sighed and looked again." "Pray," Says Emily, "do the *Twists* dine and sleep there?" Says I, "O no, God forbid!"—I was afraid I had spoken too hastily, but I took particular notice that she looked uncommonly happy: I took my leave soon after, and returned home.

At length the day of days came. The carpet was taken up in the drawing-room, and the floor all chalked in fine coloured figures and compartments. All the *Mandevilles* came to dinner; but it was rather bustle and confusion, for the dining room was to be the supper-room, and, so, *soon wanted*:—however, I was much pleased with some conversation that took place between my father and Mr. Mandeville after dinner.

"I wish, Mr. Mandeville," says my father, "every body would bring up their family as you bring up yours."

"I don't know, sir," says Mr. Mandeville; "I bring them up to learn all that I think really necessary, and all that it is in my power to teach them."

"That's just what I like," says my father; "why should our children be made so much wiser than ourselves? Why should it be thought necessary that, because there happens now to be a profusion of teachers in all branches of knowledge, every thing that is to be taught

must be learned? Why am I to be bound to give guinea after guinea to have *my* daughter taught every thing that other people choose to learn, and *merely on that account*, without the least regard to her natural genius, taste, or capacity; and when I am perfectly assured that more than half of what she so learns can be of no benefit to her husband, or her children, or her children's children, and can only be acquired by a profligate waste and expense of that time, which not only might be bestowed on studies of real importance, but on such as must tend to the use, and benefit, and delight, of all connected with her? There's our neighbour, Miss Twist,—to be sure she knows, in some way or other, abundance of things:—she is what the world calls highly accomplished; nor am I disposed to blame her parents for any care or cost they have bestowed on her; but the effect of it is, in many cases, absurd and preposterous:—if it tends to set off the daughter, it tends as much to degrade the parents; for it is self-evident, that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Twist have sufficient knowledge of half the things their daughter hath been taught, to be able to judge of her progress and acquirements;—it is fifty to one but that, in merely talking of them, they continually expose themselves by their ignorance and blunders; and, what is worse than all, their *daughter* must know that they do so, *if* she know any thing as she should do: now *your* daughters, Mr. Mandeville, learn of you and Mrs. Mandeville nothing but what is, and ever will be, *essential*, *useful*, *proper*, and *becoming*; and, learning it of *you*, and *you* only, they never can come to

look down upon you; they must look *up* to *you*, as children should do, with respect, and reverence, and esteem; and the utmost of their aspiring must be, to be as wise and as good as yourselves. Besides, Mr. Mandeville, as to the great and only knowledge, that is of real importance to us all, *you* must know better than me, that it is almost the only kind of learning they never take much pains to acquire:—I don't suppose any of *your learned profession* were ever called upon by father, mother, or guardian, to teach their son, or daughter, or ward, *Divinity*,—that is, I mean, *Christianity*; and yet a few guineas, so bestowed, might, perhaps, go as far to help their appearance in the other world, as many guineas in this; ay, and benefit some fellow-creature, possibly, of more worth than fifty fiddlers or dancing masters.

"I wish, Mr. Mandeville, you could get the Twists to attend church a little oftener:—I hate to see their pew empty almost every Sabbath day; it is quite a pity:—Twist is a good natured rattle, and as for Mrs. Twist, I am confident, that, if any body could ever once convince her that there were one or two accomplishments wanting to set her *daughter off to advantage*, (for that is the great object of all mothers, now-a-days,) in another world besides this, which I fear has never once entered Mrs. Twist's head; I am persuaded, I say, that she would not neglect to inquire after some *teacher* or *other*, who *might* render her *not deficient* in the courts above."

Mr. Mandeville was preparing to reply, when a solemn message was brought from the *upper*

house, which was privately delivered to my father: *Thinks-I-to-myself,* a motion to adjourn, —and so it turned out,—for the Speaker immediately quitted the chair, and, after asking Mr. Mandeville if he would drink any more wine, he publicly announced the summons he had had to the drawing-room, and we prepared to follow him.

When we went up stairs, the room was almost full. My father, of course, went boldly into the middle of them all:—Mr. Mandeville and myself remained near the door. I cast my eyes round and round, and round again, before I could fairly discern what I most wished to see;—at length I espied on one side of the room, behind a number that were standing up, Mrs. and the three Miss Mandevilles sitting close together, like a hen and so many chickens;—I felt an irresistible desire to go to them, but, though there was a near way of doing it, I found, upon attempting it, I could not stir; —I felt just as if my right leg wanted to go, but my left leg pulled it back:—*Thinks-I-to-myself,* "I would approach, but dare not move;" —"Tell me, my heart," &c. At length a fresh party arrived, and we were fairly pushed further into the room:—I then did sedulously endeavour to keep in that direction; and, as Mr. Mandeville seemed to have no other object as well as myself, we gradually got nearer and nearer, though continually interrupted, of course, by the greetings and salutes of divers persons and parties whom we passed. Nothing ran in my head but the being in time to ask Emily to dance with *me* the two first dances: but as for *hastening* to her for this purpose, it

was quite out of the question; my left leg still kept pulling me back, as I *thought*.

Some preparations now began to be made for beginning the ball; and I felt quite sure that I should be too late to accomplish my end, when, as good luck would have it, Mr. Mandeville made a bold push to get at them, and I followed close in the rear:—the point now seemed to me to be accomplished:—I had got close to Emily, and was just in the act of *stooping* to *ask her to be my partner*, (for human thread-papers, you know, are generally pretty tall,) when I received such a horrible pinch just on the tender part above the elbow of my right arm, that I had liked to have screamed aloud: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, spring-guns and steel-traps, as sure as I am born!!—It was my father, in fact, who, leaning over two benches, said, in great haste, "Bob, come here; I have engaged you to Miss Twist:"—being too confused to think or say any thing to myself, as customary, I mechanically answered, "I'll come directly, sir," possibly with an appearance of joy rather than sorrow, for these contradictions were among the *symptoms* of my complaint. I was just going to say to Emily, "Pray dance with me the two *next* dances," but, alas! at that instant a tall, dashing young man came up to her, and asked her to dance; and she *assented, as I fancied*, with *peculiar satisfaction*.

I now had to find my father and Miss Twist, which I was not long in doing;—the music had begun to play, and all was in a complete bustle. I found Miss Twist standing before Mrs. Twist, who seemed to be looping up her

gown, and making other preparations for dancing:—I went to her, putting on my gloves. "Miss Twist," says I, "I believe I am to have the honour of dancing with you:"—she bobbed something at me, which, I suppose, she called a courtesy, and was soon ready to be led into the ranks;—but here fresh difficulties again ensued:—my mother had carefully invited all that she had met at Nicotium Castle; but, being much better known in the neighbourhood, and willing that none should be excluded, *her* invitations had extended *upwards* and *downwards* to many more:—at the lower extremity, besides the Mandevilles, there was another Clergyman's family, three young ladies who lived with an old aunt, just by, that *never went out*, and poor Miss Creepmouse, who, also, seldom got such a holiday:—there were some young men, whose parents were worthy, but not over genteel, and a few officers from the barracks, particularly and respectably recommended to their notice; (Mrs. Twist had invited them all indiscriminately;) at the upper extremity, there were the additions of Lord and Lady Charleville, the two Miss Charleville's, a niece of Lord Charleville's, and his eldest son, a Lieutenant in the guards;—there were Sir Henry and Lady Lydiard, their three daughters, and two sons;—there were, besides, a Mr. Wentworth, and Lady Maria Wentworth, the sister of a Scotch Marquis, and their daughter, Miss Wentworth. Lord Charleville had thought it proper to engage my sister, and led her to the top of the room.

Poor Miss Twist, having begun her own ball, very much wished, I believe, to begin ours too;

—she sidled up close to my sister, and seemed evidently to wish to stand at least next to her: —the order of precedency, I believe, had never yet been duly studied at Nicotium Castle:—I began to be frightened because at one time the Miss Charlevilles, who were not what I call *high*-bred, but *thorough*-bred, seemed disposed to overlook her attempt to get above them, and to give way to her, which would have made her so conspicuously wrong, that I should have been quite distressed; my sister managed to prevent it by gently retaining the Miss Charlevilles next to her, and we were obliged to cast down two couple;—that brought us to the Miss Lydiards:—they were by no means so well inclined to part with their places;—they well knew that they must come next to the Honourables:—as they hung together, we were here obliged to cast down three couple more;—and then came another hitch, for there stood Miss Wentworth; but the youngest Miss Lydiard grasped so fast hold of her hand, just at the moment Miss Twist made her last effort to insert herself among the grandees, that we were compelled to cast off one more couple, and did not therefore fairly get a place till we were the eighth couple from the top.

As I had nothing to do but to keep pace with her on the gentleman's side of the party, I at length got my proper station opposite to her: *Thinks-I-to-myself—mortified!* as it manifestly proceeded from ignorance, I felt sorry for her, though it was well for her to gain such experience any how: Mrs. Twist, feeling, if possible, more for her than she felt for herself, came up to her, and I overheard her whisper,—"They

are the Honourable Miss Charlevilles, and Sir Henry's daughters, you know," and so on,—which, I apprehend, gave her some comfort and consolation: how much I cannot pretend to say.

The ball had now actually begun. I ventured to cast my eyes frequently down towards where the Miss Mandevilles stood, and every time it struck me that Emily seemed particularly happy with her partner;—how much I wished her to be walking in the garden at the Vicarage! *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I'll never go there again:—as we drew near to the top, it struck me that, whenever we set off, we should make a rattling like that of a team of horses with their loose harness returning from plough; for Miss Twist had on her neck such a profusion of pendent ornaments, that it looked as if in dressing she had taken no other care, but to avoid leaving one trinket behind; she had on, first, an exceeding handsome pearl necklace; then, suspended to one gold chain, a locket, richly set in diamonds, in which appeared to be twisted and entwined the respective ringlets of her honoured parents; then, suspended to another gold chain, an agate essence bottle set in gold, filled with otto of roses; and besides that, though she was about as near sighted as a lynx, suspended on a third gold chain an eye glass, surrounded with large pearls; how all these things were to be safely conveyed to the end of thirty or forty couple, appeared to me to be a mystery; and, as it happened, I was right; for we had scarcely got down three couple, before the gold mounted essence bottle fell foul of the pearl eye-glass, and broke it all

to pieces; the glass itself was of course no loss, and, as it drew the attention of all the company to the splendour of the setting, it had a most desirable effect. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, that will be mended before the next ball, and perhaps the essence bottle will be left to dan gle just as near to it as ever.

As soon as this little interruption was settled, which brought up Mrs. Twist, and seemed to interest her exceedingly, we went on, turning and twisting, generally so separated from each other that I had little occasion to talk to her; and I was heartily glad of it,—when we got to Miss Mandeville and her dashing partner, I had to set corners with her, and turn her; I had determined to give her a little gentle rebuke for her indifference; but, when I touched her hand, my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and I could not utter a word:—I had the resolution, however, to swing her off with a remarkable air of unconcern, and I flattered myself that she seemed *hurt; Thinks-I-to-myself,—affronted!* When we had really got to the bottom, Miss Twist fanned herself, and breathed hard: I said, "It is very hot, but it was a pretty dance;"—"too crowded;"—and a number of other common-place ball remarks, which did very well, and were quite enough, I have a notion, to satisfy her that I was in love with her: we danced down the second dance together, and then she bobbed a courtesy, and I bobbed a bow, like Mother Hubbard and her Dog, and it was all very well settled.

As I went up to my sister directly afterwards, I was amused with the *different* manner in which I found all the party came to ask her

the *same* question:—of course, as in all other balls, there was a certain sprinkling of fine ladies, and quizzy gentlemen, as well as of quizzy ladies and fine gentlemen; so that the several partnerships were, as it might be, ill or well-arranged: those that happened to be well mated, and to have found partners to their satisfaction, came slowly up to my sister, and rather plaintively, and *timidly*, addressed her, "Do we change partners, Miss Dermont?"—but those who were ill-matched, and wanted to shake off a quizzy partner, came boldly up, "We change partners, don't we, Miss Dermont?"—I made many observations of this nature, though nobody guessed what I was about;—I saw abundance of untoward circumstances, though well disguised, that convinced me it might be very neighbourly, but was in reality the cruellest thing in the world to make such a party.

During the two first dances, I was sorry to see poor Mrs. Fidget, who had two daughters in the room, quite unable to get a partner for either: they were, in truth, very cross looking girls, and by no means popular in the neighbourhood: she came repeatedly behind me, during the dance, with Miss Matilda hanging upon her arm, complimented me about my dancing, and my *good looks:* as I never had any malice in my disposition, I really should have been glad to have asked her daughter to dance; but, while I had resolved in my own mind to die rather than ask Emily Mandeville, yet I could not help wishing to keep myself disengaged, for fear I *should* die if I by any means put it *out of my power* to dance with her.

All the Mandevilles were so pretty that they never wanted partners;—beauty brings down pride as well as money, or any thing;—had there been fifty lords in the room, I'll be bound Emily Mandeville might have danced with them all:—I studiously avoided taking any notice of her, (though it occasioned horrible *bumpings*,) and for the two second dances I engaged myself (by my mother's desire) to Miss Charleville.

I was surprised to see with how much greater ease and civility *she* conducted herself all down the dance than had been the case with Miss Twist: and, having no dangling ornaments at all, we got safely and without interruption to the bottom:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, either Emily Mandeville or Miss Charleville——and I gave myself great credit for having *the resolution* to compare *any body* with the former.

It would be absurd to go more than necessary into the detail of the ball; but, before it was over, one or two things occurred which I cannot leave unnoticed; when Miss Twist had regularly surmounted all the seven couple that originally stood above her, and seen them safely removed to the bottom of the set, and had herself fairly attained the summit, so that, according to the etiquette of things, it was her turn to call the two next dances—lo! and behold, she had no partner. I had been wandering about the room, watching *Emily* and *her partner*, and had not attempted to engage myself, when my mother came up to me, and desired that I would by all means, if not engaged, go and ask Miss Twist: at the moment, I am confident, she had no thoughts of any thing but that

of showing a civility to her company; had any other been in that situation, she would have done the same, but now the business was out:—I had occasion to know afterwards, that divers shrewd persons among the kindest of her neighbours had noticed the *close siege* she seemed to be laying to the Twist domains: Mr. Robert Dermont, it seems, had danced twice with Miss Twist, but not once with either of the Miss Fidgets! twice with Miss Twist, but not once with any of the four Miss Gogmagogs;—they might have added, twice with Miss Twist, and not once with either of the three Miss Mandevilles; but, had I danced but once with any of the latter, a different sort of wonderment would no doubt have been excited, and perhaps still more degrading insinuations thrown out; as it was, my mother's *artful designs* upon *Nicotium Castle* were judged to be as evident, and as capable of demonstration, as if the settlements had been signed and sealed: all this I found out afterwards:—what added considerably to these foul appearances was, that, as ill luck would have it, the two dances called for by Miss Twist were the two last before supper, so that I was doomed to have the additional *felicity* of handing her to the supper room, and sitting next to her at that *awful* solemnity;—when every thing that is done, said, or seen, is sure to be taken strict account of, and made the subject of conversation for the next half year.

When supper was over, we returned to the ball-room, where we continued dancing, "till Phœbus 'gan to rise:"—I still sedulously avoided all the Mandevilles:—I felt sure that

Emily would dream of nothing but her smart partners, and that she did not deserve another *bump* of my poor heart,—before it was all finished, however, she appeared to be indisposed, and therefore quite retired from the set:—I had many doubts and misgivings whether I should *condescend* to go and ask her how she did: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, she has been smitten at first sight by some of her dashing partners, and why should not I leave her to suffer?

While I was *thinking* all this, Mr. Mandeville came and shook me hastily by the hand, "Good night," says he, "Emily is not very well, and Lady Charleville has been so obliging as to insist upon her carriage taking us home:" —Had I been shot through the heart, I could not have felt more! the Ball was nearly over, and all my happiness had been frustrated: I went with him to the party, where I found them all *cloaking* up, being in haste not to keep Lady Charleville's carriage waiting.

I offered Emily my arm, which she accepted. "I am sorry," says I, "you are not well; I was in hopes it had been particularly pleasant to you, you had such a heap of smart partners: "They were all *strangers to me*," she said in some haste: "Why, you did not like them the worse for that, surely!" said I;—"Indeed," says she, "I should have liked old friends and acquaintances better, and *you don't know me* if you *think otherwise*:"—she had no sooner said it, than I fell into one of the most dreadful fits of *bumping* I ever felt: I had only time to press her hand, and help her into the carriage; and, when I returned into the ball room, every thing looked stranger than I can describe; I

felt that all I cared for was on the way to the Vicarage, and that I had fairly been making a fool of myself during the whole evening: to mend matters, Mrs. Twist came up to me, and asked me how the Mandevilles were to get home, plainly insinuating that they had no carriage, but never offering her own: "Ma'am," says I, "my father's carriage brought them here, and would have conveyed them home, had not the Lord and Lady Charleville been so good as to insist upon their taking *their* coach:" then Mrs. Twist, for the first time, began to say, they should have been welcome to hers; but I knew better.

The ball at length ended; every body went home to bed, and to sleep, except, probably, myself, who had the *heart-bumping* all night, besides pulses in my ears, and a hundred other love-sick affections.

It was some time afterwards that it came into my head to take some account of this ball, which my good father and mother had given solely with the view of contributing what they thought incumbent on them to the *amusement* and *happiness* of their *neighbours*, but which, in fact, or, at least, in all probability, turned out quite otherwise: in the first place, by endeavouring to extend their invitations as far as they could, for the sake of pleasing as many as possible, they invited *some* to whom they were *scarcely known*; this, of course, affronted *many* who were *entirely strangers*, but who conceived that *they* might as well have been asked as the others: by endeavouring to mortify no persons who had any pretensions to be invited, though not in a rank of life to associate generally with

the neighbourhood, they let loose upon them abundance of persons, still lower, who judged themselves to be not only *equal*, but *superior* to those who were invited.

I cannot describe to you how low we might have gone, had we endeavoured to satisfy all these prejudices and pretensions; I am confident that, in the course of things, the blacksmith's wife would have felt *insulted* to have been left out. Then, as to the real pleasure and happiness afforded to those who came—above half undoubtedly went away *dissatisfied;* some envying us things that they could not command at home; some attributing all that they saw to the mere love of show and parade; —there were *some* sorry their daughters had not found partners for every dance;—some sorry they had been introduced to such *low* partners, quite beneath them;—while, probably, those *very partners* thought they had *condescended greatly* to dance with *them* at all; Mrs. Twist was evidently jealous of my mother's being able to get certain *grand* and *titled* visitors that were not to be seen at Nicotium Castle, while those *titled* visitors had a hard matter to assume even their proper places without offence; some thought themselves neglected; some caught cold; some sat too low at the supper table; some could have sung after supper if they had been asked; some were affronted because they were asked; in short, take it altogether, though nobody would have been absent, none were entirely satisfied with being present, and my poor father and mother were answerable for every thing. *Thinks-I-to-myself,*—mighty sociable! delightful neighbourhood! amiable people!

The next morning, when I was in my mother's dressing room with my father and herself, my father said, "Have you sent to inquire after Miss Mandeville?"—*Says-I-to-myself*, "I'll go;"—so I turned round abruptly to my mother, and, as much as could be, *thought* I was going to offer to go; but a sudden overwhelming confusion came across me, and the words that really came out of my mouth were, "Shall I go and send Thomas?" not one of the three last words having been in my mind before; I had merely intended to intimate that I would go and inquire after her myself:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, such *blunders* as these *can't* be *love*;—this *must* be *peripneumony*, or *phrenitis*, and I had better take some more physic for it.

Thomas was sent, and Thomas returned:—many thanks—Miss Mandeville was something better: *something* better, *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—why cannot I go and nurse her, and sit up with her night and day! My father proposed a ride, and, when we had mounted our horses, he further proposed riding directly to Nicotium Castle, to know how they were after their fatigue:—I made no objection:—as we rode through the woods, in our approach to the Castle, my father threw out a thousand hints that I very well understood, but beyond mere hints he did not venture to advance:—"It is the beauty of our constitution," says he, "Bob, that though there may be said to be in it a distinct aristocracy and democracy, yet means are provided for the continual *union* and *junction* of these two branches; they are distinct in themselves, but yet, by a thousand circum-

stances, they get *mingled* and *blended together*, to the evident advantage of both; as a commercial country, every branch of trade is so favoured, that the lowest person among us may by industry become as rich as the highest, and, by so doing, can raise his family to such a pitch of splendour and elegance, that they gradually and naturally *slide* into the *stream of nobility;* while the nobility, who have no such rapid means of repairing the wear and tear of their estates, and who are never excused from keeping up a certain degree of state and parade, are willing enough to assist in the elevation of their *rich inferiors;* and thus, as I said before, provision seems to be made, by the very circumstances of our excellent constitution, for the occasional melioration of both branches, and the junction of the two extremes."

After this curious diatribe on our admirable constitution, we rode for some time without exchanging a word; I knew what my father meant; *Thinks-I-to-myself,* "War begets poverty, poverty peace; peace makes riches flow, fate ne'er does cease; war begets poverty, poverty peace:"—tobacco is a bewitching drug; the trade in tobacco, therefore, brings great riches; riches naturally lead to great pretensions; therefore a tobacconist's grand-daughter is fit for a Peeress,—OR a Peer may be poor; poverty may disable him from supporting his proper state and splendour;—without state and splendour, he is no better than a tobacconist;—let the poor Peer then but marry the proud tobacconist, and all is properly settled.—"War begets poverty, poverty peace."

As we approached the *Castle*, many remarks were made on the beauty of the situation, &c. &c., and some projects hinted as to the improvements that *might be made*, if *both estates* were *ever* to come, by *any accident*, into the hands of *one* and the *same individual*.

When we were shown up into the drawing-room, we found that none of the ball party had yet made their appearance;—there was nobody to receive us but Miss Watson, the Governess;—she was a very sensible, worthy woman, the daughter of a deceased Clergyman; we sat with her for some time, before Mrs. and Miss Twist came to us; upon their entrance Miss Watson arose, and Mrs. Twist took *her* chair, Miss Twist at the same time seating herself without further ceremony: my father got up to set another chair for Miss Watson, but Mrs. Twist very considerately interfered, and, by a certain look and motion with her head, directed the poor humble Governess to retire.

We did not stay long, as they had their breakfast to take; Mrs. Twist said she meant to drive to the Hall to inquire after my mother, which we did not prevent; but, after having received a thousand compliments about the extreme delight they had received at the ball, both from mother and daughter, took our leave.

As we rode away from the Castle, my father said all of a sudden, "Poor Miss Watson!" *Thinks-I-to-myself*, "Why poor Miss Watson?" we rode on: not a word till we got near a quarter of a mile further; when my father could contain no longer,—"Did you see, Bob," says he, "how Mrs. Twist sent Miss Watson

out of the room?—Surely it is wrong to degrade a Governess in that manner, in the eyes of her pupil! the *tutor* of any *young man of fortune* or *family* may become Archbishop of Canterbury; and why are the teachers of the other sex to be so kept down below par, as they generally are? What can be meant by it? Is not the mere having a Governess for their daughters a tacit confession that the mothers themselves are not able to teach them; and, if so, is it not an even chance, at least, that the Governess is far the most wise and deserving of the party? as for the *want of time*, which is the excuse too generally made, time itself was intended only for *such* ends, and, therefore, so far from this being a fair excuse, it is the very excuse a mother ought not dare to make.

"But," continues he, "if *hirelings* of that description *must* be employed, it should at least not be forgotten what *sort of hirelings* they are; they are, in fact, hired *Mothers;—Mother's substitutes, deputies, representatives*, and, I fear, too often better mothers than the principals: I don't like such an appendage to a family in general, for where they are bad, they are the very worst of evils; but, if *we must have them*, let us do them every justice they may deserve. Such are the changes, and chances, and revolutions of life, that it is often probable that a Governess may become dependent on a person naturally and originally far below her in the order of society, not to mention again the probability of far greater mental and intellectual endowments: how grating must it be to such a person to be not only treated as dependent by such mothers, but

as inferior to them!—I confess, I wish the *worthy* among *these substitutes* had but their fair chance of becoming Archbishops—and then they might have their revenge."

My poor father, when any thing touched his feelings, spoke out freely;—he forgot all his former hints and innuendoes upon such occasions; I saw plainly that in his heart he could not bear the *Twists*, in regard to some traits of their character.

When we got home, we found that many persons had been there to inquire after my mother;—*every one*, without exception, telling her it was the *pleasantest evening* they *ever* spent.

I am now coming to a remarkable period in my life, though I shall skip over most of the particulars. My father had long thought of sending me to a Scotch University: he much approved of Edinburgh, particularly, and he thought, as I was one day or other to be a Scotch Peer, it might be conducive to my interests to send me thither: of course, this greatly interrupted all the proceedings at Nicotium Castle and the Vicarage, and a long suspense ensued both of my *hatred* and my *love*.

The day being fixed, I took leave of several of my neighbours, as I thought it became me, the *Vicarage* being the first and the last place I went to for this purpose; for, indeed, I could not help twice taking leave of that amiable and worthy family; and I saw so much reason to be satisfied that my approaching absence was really a matter of regret to them all, that I can scarcely say, when I quitted them, whether

my heart was most heavy or most light; it seemed weighed down with grief because I was going from them, yet elevated to a pitch of extreme joy by the manner in which my departure seemed to be felt. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, as I quitted the door for the last time,—

"The benediction of these cov'ring heav'ns
"Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
"To in-lay Heaven with Stars!"

Every thing having been duly prepared for my journey, the day at last came for my leaving Grumblethorpe for a longer period than had ever been the case before. My mother and my sister were very much depressed upon the occasion, though they did all they could to conceal it; and, as every thing that they felt my father felt also, it was a dismal morning altogether. There was much real and genuine grief indeed felt by us all, so that there was no room for the affectation of it.

At Stamford I was to be joined by my old tutor, who had been absent from Grumblethorpe for above a year and a half: he was to accompany me into Scotland: a trusty servant attended upon me, who was to wait upon us both during our sojournment at Edinburgh:—I need not describe the last parting; those who have any feeling will know the precise circumstances of it; those that have none would not believe me if I described it ever so faithfully. The carriage at last drove from the gate, and I bestowed a secret valediction and blessing, as I passed, on every tree, and every path, and every gate and paling; the sheep, and the geese, and the turkies; and, for the moment,

could fairly have envied them all *their dull privilege* of staying where they were.

I need not carry the reader along with me from stage to stage, during my long journey; suffice it to say, that at Stamford I met my worthy tutor, Mr. Hargrave, and whom it was a great satisfaction to me to join; he proposed going westward into Scotland, and taking the lakes in our way, which would also give me an opportunity of seeing Glasgow, and other parts of Scotland, with ease, before I took up my abode at Edinburgh: from Stamford, therefore, we proceeded through Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, entering Yorkshire at Sheffield; Mr. Hargrave was extremely careful to carry me to all the manufactories that we passed upon our road, and I confess I was highly amused; he took care that I should not observe these things in a careless, cursory manner; he explained to me, before I saw any of them, the immense advantages to be gained by the division of labour, which made me take the greater interest in examining the gradual progress of the several productions of art which came in our way, from the first rude material to the utmost state of perfection in which it was sent out of the hands of the manufacturer; he made me acquainted with the natural properties and qualities of the rude materials themselves, whether mineral or vegetable: he made me notice what manufactures were entirely dependent on the products of our own country, and what required the further aid and assistance of foreign and imported commodities: by these means I insensibly gained a knowledge of more than can easily be supposed, by any per-

son who has not had the advantage of such a companion in his travels: I became *interested*, before I was aware of the ends he had in view, in the study of *Mineralogy*, *Chemistry*, *Botany*; in things relating to the *Trade*, *Manufactures*, and *Commerce* of the state; nay, of the whole world.

Mr. Hargrave had a happy talent of placing every object that drew my attention in various and distinct points of view, so that I might learn from it all that could possibly be said upon the subject. The China at Derby, and the cutlery goods at Sheffield, led him equally to expatiate upon all the several branches of knowledge I have enumerated; he would not only explain what different species of *earths* had been used in the several manufactures of China ware, but he would give me a general idea of the classification of minerals;—show me what rank the earths held among them;—how many different sorts had been discovered;—what were their distinct natural properties;—what the general effects of their mixture and combination: he would not only make me observe how they coloured the pieces, but he would explain how those colours were prepared;—what were derived from the mineral, and what from the vegetable kingdom;—what were prepared at home;—what foreign materials entered into their composition.

Not content with this, he would often give me the exact natural history of distinct materials; explain to me from what countries they came, how they were procured, what connexions we had with those countries, how the trade between us was conducted and carried

on;—he would sometimes enter into the particulars of the geographical and political circumstances of those countries; how situated;—under what climate;—how governed;—and from hence, perhaps, take occasion to converse upon the different forms of governments that were known to subsist;—he would tell me what other manufactures of the same kind existed in other parts, foreign and domestic;—the comparative estimation in which they were severally held;—which were still in repute;—which had fallen into decay;—he would remark upon the prices of labour, as regulated by the price of provisions, scarcity or abundance of hands;—capital necessary for carrying on such works;—wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of different manufactures;—nature of the complaints produced by them:—in short, it was perfectly incredible to what an extent he would carry his observations in order constantly to keep my mind awake to that marvellous concatenation of circumstances by which all the several branches of knowledge might be said to bear upon one point; a Derby tea cup was at any time sufficient to lead us far into *Mineralogy*, *Botany*, *Chemistry*, *Natural History*, *History*, *Trade*, *Commerce*, *Economics*, *Politics*, *Geography*, *Navigation*, and I know not what besides; and, though this may appear to some rather a desultory mode of instruction, I am confident it had the effect of more thoroughly expanding my mind, and enabling it to comprehend, at one view, a multiplicity of objects, not confusedly, but by a regular concatenation of particulars, and general association of ideas.

From Sheffield we proceeded by Barnsley, Wakefield, Leeds, Ripon, into Westmoreland. In most of these towns the *clothing business* excited our attention, and engaged us in very different studies from those suggested to us by the *China* and *Hardware* manufactories, but still with equal advantage: all nature, animate and inanimate, seemed to be brought before me:—I could not put my foot to the ground any longer with the indifference I used to do:—every clod of earth, and every weed I trod upon, appeared to have some history belonging to it; it seemed scarcely credible that I could heretofore have passed so carelessly over objects so replete with wonder, so curious, so useful, and of such infinite and inexhaustible varieties.

From Ripon we visited Studley, Hackfall, and Fountain's Abbey. These were objects of a totally different nature, and yet Mr. Hargrave found means to expatiate upon them as largely as he had treated of the manufactories. From our visit to Fountain's Abbey, I imbibed a taste for the study of Antiquities;—he made me acquainted with the different styles of Architecture that had severally prevailed in various parts of the world;—described to me, particularly, the different properties and supposed beauties of the *Gothic*, and gave me a circumstantial account of its history; he entered deeply, also, into the particulars of the Monastic institutions, to which we owe so many of our finest ruins, and from thence would take occasion to compare the manners of former times with our own, observing, as he went

along, upon the superior advantages we enjoyed from the vast acquisition of knowledge since the reformation of Religion, the discovery of the art of Printing, the encouragement given to learning, and the great accumulation of valuable discoveries by means of experimental philosophy.

Thus did we pass our time till we arrived at the lakes, where my mind at first seemed to be fully absorbed in the beauties of the scenery. Nothing could exceed my delight and surprise upon my first arrival at that most interesting part of the kingdom. Not content with skirting the different lakes, or visiting select points, I ascended all the mountains, visited every precipice, viewed every cataract from above and below, explored every valley, landed upon every island; I saw every lake under every circumstance that was possible, by day and by night, at sunset and at sunrise, at dawn and at twilight, in the serenity of calms and the turbulence of storms:—I was so struck and fascinated with the delicious scenery, so different from the southern parts of England, that I could scarcely be brought to sleep a whole night in my bed;—often would I get up by moon-light, and repair to the edge of the lake, to observe the peculiar tints occasioned by the radiance of that luminary, or, if the wind blew strong, or the thunder roared aloud, nothing could keep me in my bed; for, notwithstanding the insinuations of Mrs. Fidget, I am apt to hope, that the poor Clodpole "was no vulgar boy." His picture, I think, is well enough drawn in the following lines:

" In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene:
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight,
Nor less than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
E'en sad vicissitude amus'd his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control."

For it must not be supposed that I thought of nobody but myself in these romantic indulgences: continually did my thoughts hurry me back to the happy mansion of my beloved father: often did I wish my poor mother and sister could know how much amusement I had found on my journey; often did a tender recollection of Emily Mandeville steal across me, and give a check to the transports of my soul; often have I thought as I gazed upon the moon, that she must be, probably, shining, in like manner, on those so dear to me at a distance, and that, perhaps, even the eyes of some of them might be fixed on her at that very moment. As often as these ideas came across me, my old complaint returned; my heart beat quicker, my breast heaved, till a sigh, or a tear, or a succession of both, came to my relief.

Mr. Hargrave, seeing the delight I took in the peculiar nature of the scenery of these parts, indulged me with a longer stay there than he had at first intended; he was himself, indeed, little less interested than I was, and would frequently visit the lakes at untimely hours. In one of our night excursions, we passed many hours in a boat near one of the islands (I think they call it the *Hermit's* island) in *Keswick Lake;* the night was calm and se-

rene ;– the moon shone beautifully,—reflected from the surface of the lake in a long, glittering stream of light—gently agitated through its entire length by the undulations of a most refreshing and delightful breeze: the fall of *Lowdore* was to be heard at a distance, dashing down its rugged channel. At the extremity of the boat we had placed a small cannon, which in the very depth of night, we ordered to be discharged, that we might enjoy, in full perfection, the reverberation of the sound from the surrounding rocks and mountains. The effect was exceedingly striking and grand, varied, probably, by the different features of the several objects from which the sound was returned upon our ears: first, perhaps, in an abrupt and sudden crash ; then in a long and distant murmur ; then in a loud roar as it were nearer to us ;—as it was successively re-echoed from the different mountains, we could regularly count seven distinct *thunder* strokes, as produced by each discharge : the deep shadow cast by Skiddaw over a part of the scenery to the north-east, added much to the beauty of the landscape.

The time at length came, however, for our quitting this delicious spot, much to my regret and concern. The reader will easily guess how much mental soliloquy I had occasion to indulge, as I passed over these charming scenes. How often I must have *Thought-to-myself*, that, in this island, or this valley, or on this side, or at the foot of this or that mountain, or at the point of this or that promontory, hid forever from the world by the deep shade of plantains or of sycamores, I could delight to

pass the rest of my life with the innocent, unassuming Emily :—the reader will easily guess how many romantic spots I fixed upon for this purpose ; how frequently I exulted in the thought of boldly preferring such a retirement (if any obstacles to our union should occur) to all the glare, and glitter, and false pride, of Nicotium Castle ; but it was time for us to go. I believe Mr. Hargrave himself began to suspect that, if I staid much longer, I should inevitably become either a fool or a poet; so at last he rather hurried me away.

We took our leaves of the lakes at Ullswater, proceeding by Penrith to Carlisle, and from thence by the celebrated *Gretna Green* to *Glasgow:* we stopped of course to visit the falls of the Clyde in our way, and were highly delighted with them ;—many people, we were told, were curious to see the officiating minister of the Gretna Chapel, but we passed on without this gratification. I questioned Mr. Hargrave about him, but he cut me short by saying, "We are *all* upon a par, in regard to *that* ceremony ;—probably, in the course of the year, he does just as much good as harm, and just as much harm as good ; which, for what I know, is the case with us all ; licit or illicit, equal or unequal, public or private, given or stolen, find me the *minister* that can make *all couples* happy, and I will go far out of my way to see him." *Thinks-I-to-myself,*—my tutor is *probably* right.

In our way through *Moffat*, we were much entertained by the arrival of a large drove of cattle, late in the evening, attended by many drovers with their bag-pipes. This unexpect

ed influx of national music seemed to raise the spirits of the inhabitants: many parties assembled to dance to the sound of these strange but favourite instruments, and more than half of the night was expended before the sound of them ceased to disturb our rest:—though disturbed, however, the novelty and nationality of it inclined us freely to forgive them. In consequence of some letters Mr. Hargrave received at Moffat, and owing to our long stay at the lakes, we were obliged to hurry through Glasgow, and make the best of our way to Edinburgh, where we arrived safely after rather a long but pleasant journey.

It is particularly my design to pass over almost every thing that occurred during our residence here, as not necessary to the history I have undertaken. We received great civilities from many eminent persons and distinguished families in and out of Edinburgh, my letters of introduction being many, and my connexions well known. We travelled further into Scotland as opportunity occurred, and the vacations admitted. We visited Aberdeen, and some of the northern lakes:—the Highlands also, some of the Western Isles, and particularly Staffa, with which I was delighted, as so extraordinary and grand a specimen of that singular natural production, the basaltic pillar.—None of these things do I attempt to describe here;—it is necessary just to touch upon them, because, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, how shall I otherwise get the reader to consent to skip over two years of my life.

In the correspondence that passed between my family and myself, during my residence at

Edinburgh, I heard not much of the neighbourhood of Grumblethorpe. The first letter I had from my sister announced the death of Mrs. Creepmouse, with all the particulars of her last paralytic seizure, where she was to be buried, &c. *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—vastly interesting indeed! I looked in vain for any thing about the *Mandevilles*, except as far as they were included in the following comprehensive clause,—"All the neighbours are very anxious in their inquiries after you."—I was wicked enough to fancy an *erratum* ought to have been added, namely, for "*are*," read "*appear*;" for that Mrs. Fidget, for instance, or the Miss Fidgets, had really made any very anxious inquiries after *me*, (the *idiot*, the *Clodpole*, the *half-starved chimney-sweeper*,) was, I confess, a matter of much doubt. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, my dear sister knows little of the world, or she would have written *appear* at once. I learned that Miss Twist frequently called there in her rides, and had paid two long visits, since I came away. "I believe," says my sister, in her letter, "you are rather a favourite, for she is continually singing, '*When Delia on the plain appears*,' since I told her it was an air of which you were particularly fond." The second letter I had *did*, however, *mention* the *Mandevilles*:—"You will be sorry to hear," says my mother, "that your old acquaintance, Emily Mandeville, has been long ill;—her complaint is thought to be *nervous*; poor Mrs. Mandeville is in much care about her:—the rest are all pretty well."

Now, in what manner I shall be expected by the reader to have borne this shock, I am not

able to say: for I shall (no doubt) have a vast number of different sorts of readers:—some *very sensible souls*, perhaps, will think I swooned away immediately;—some, that I fell back lifeless, with my eyes fixed, and my mouth wide open;—some, that I fell a sighing; and some, that I fell a crying;—some, that I turned sick; some, that I opened the window, and was going to precipitate myself from it immediately, but was prevented;—[N. B. One of the *back* windows, in the *old town of Edinburgh*, fifteen stories high.]—some, perhaps, will fancy I ordered a chaise directly, or a horse, or took a place in the mail coach: they would be all mistaken; for I only know that *I put the letter in my pocket*, and, as breakfast was waiting for me, I went directly to Mr. Hargrave:—he said, "You have a letter from Grumblethorpe, how do they all do?"—"Quite well," says I, "and desire to be remembered to you." As Mr. H. had the newspaper to read, I had no occasion to talk; but I saw him every now and then look very hard at me, and I concluded I had, in a fit of absence, done something strange; I determined, therefore, to be more attentive; but no attention would do; for, all of a sudden, poor Mr. Hargrave jumped up, two yards, I believe, from the ground.—"Zounds!" says he, "Mr. Dermont, what is *all this?*" Poor man! he had great reason to complain; for, in filling the tea-pot, I had totally forgotten to turn back the cock of the urn, and, there being an unfortunate breach on the side of the parapet of the tea-board, the overflowings of the hot water found vent there, descending regularly, but very rapidly, in a

grand parabola, directly upon his breeches below; luckily, the scalding quality of the water was somewhat abated, as the breakfast was nearly over; but it was quite hot enough fully to justify the extraordinary altitude of the jump he took from his seat, as well as the horrible word that issued from his reverend mouth, had it been a little hotter, or had it happened a little sooner, it would have killed him. As it was, the sop he was in, and the fright he had suffered, justly deserved to be classed among the *miseries* of the tea-table.

Now, if any body should be at all disposed to fancy that this accident was connected with the passage in my mother's letter, they are welcome to think so:—I found afterwards from Mr. Hargrave, that he had judged me to be going mad before, for that I had twice, as near as could be, when my cup was empty, made *his* cup my slop-basin, and successively bit one great mouthful out of six pieces of toast, without once eating the remainder, which, of course, lay littered about the table.

Before I had quite recollected myself, I retired again to my chamber, telling Mr. Hargrave I must answer my letter by return of the post; he said, if that was the case, he should walk to Leith; so that I got all the morning to myself: I took my pen and immediately began,—"*My dear Mother*;" after looking at these three parts of speech for a quarter of an hour, I took another sheet, and began,—"*My dear Sister*," and then I looked at these three words, as I had done at the other, for a second quarter of an hour: at last I took a third sheet, and began,—"*My dear Father*:'

—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, if I tell *him* all about it, perhaps I shall get leave to write to Emily herself; but I kept looking at these three words longer than ever, without being able to stir a step further: then I thought, what if I boldly write to the dear girl herself at once, in verse! tender verse! Who knows but it may recover her, *if she pines for my absence*, which, I could not help fancying, or forbear hoping, was the exact cause of her malady: I took therefore a longer sheet of paper, what they call *foolscap*: —*Thinks-I-to-myself*, afterwards, a mighty proper name! I had always a knack at writing verses from a child, but now my Muse seemed to be most desperately unkind: I walked up and down the room, I verily think, for two hours together, at the very least; and, as the reader perhaps might wish to see a specimen of the fruits of my prolific brain at the end of these two hours, he or she shall have a correct copy of the whole:—

Emily
O injured Fair one
Idol *Heart*
Lovely Amelia Angel of my soul,
soul! *my heavenly*
Pride of my heart Angelic fair one, say,
loads *anguish* *beating*
what heaps of sorrow swell my throbbing
heart!
Come, heavenly Muse!— *soul!*
Tell me ye Gods! what suffering Angel

This is a faithful draft of the fond effusion of my overflowing heart, in which my readers may (if they study it close) discern, that, in the whole two hours, I had not accomplished any thing like a beginning. I had invented, by

much straining, about ten different apostrophes to stand at the head of my epistle; but not one would do.

Luckily for me, before I had quite and entirely lost my wits, Mr. H., driven back by bad weather, returned to the lodgings, and, coming up to my room, begged of me, if I had not sealed my letter, to tell my mother that he had procured for my sister the music she wished to have, and would send it by the first opportunity: this gave my mind relief directly; I sat down, and began another letter, as before—"My dear mother," and scribbled on without once stopping till I got to the end of the paper: all the obstacles were overcome the moment Mr. H. gave me something for a beginning, and I very fairly inserted in my letter the following clause, in plain, sensible, unsophisticated language: "I am extremely sorry to hear Miss Mandeville is so unwell; pray, when you write next, mention how she is." I was quite astonished to see with what ease I wrote it, and by how much the best way it appeared of expressing my anxiety. It seemed quite to revive my heart, and I joined Mr. Hargrave, after finishing my letter, with my spirits quite exhilarated. I kept the daubed sheet of foolscap, thinking, if ever I saw poor Emily again, I would certainly give it her, as a proof of the folly and madness of my passion for her.

It was nearly three weeks from this time before I heard again from Grumblethorpe. At length came a long letter from my mother, which I opened wide, and turned and twisted about, but without seeing the name I wanted. I read it; it contained thanks to Mr. H.—a long account

of a concert at the Twists', at which *my* company was much desired; many directions to take care of myself, and to remember that the North was bleaker than the South. My hopes seemed to be at an end; I felt like a person listening to the reading of a will, by which he had expected to have inherited a large fortune, but without hearing so much as his name mentioned: at length, just as I was going to put it in my pocket, I spied something written on each side of the vacancy that had been left for the seal. It was just as though my fortune was at last made, by the discovery and operation of a twentieth codicil; for lo! and behold, there it was, written in small characters, indeed, but delightfully legible: "I had almost forgotten to tell you, that your old playfellow, Emily Mandeville, is thought to be better. I read to her the part of your letter in which you inquired after her, and she desired me to say you were very good to think of her at so great a distance." *Thinks-I-to-myself*, distance indeed! I kissed the letter over and over again; put it in my pocket, and took it out again; opened it, read it, put it up again: opened it again and read it; opened my waistcoat, and laid it upon my heart while it was bumping, and at night I slept with it under my pillow.. Now every thing had become easy to me. I had only to pray that she might *not* get well: as long as she continued ill, I found I could ask after her, express my concern for her, get my letters read to her, and even receive messages from her in return. I was now as happy as a lark, and, had I had wings, could have soared as high in the sun-

shine, whistling and singing all the way up to Heaven; my thoughts were so full of my old playfellow, (as my mother called her,) that it was a great mercy I did not do Mr. Hargrave some serious mischief, either by scalding him to death at breakfast, cutting off his head with the carving knife at dinner, or burning him in his bed at night, by sitting up to read my mother's postscript over and over again.

Luckily, he did all he could to cool my passion; for, though it was in the depth of winter, he chose the very next day to set off upon an excursion to Aberdeen: on one day of our journey we were overtaken by a dismal fall of snow: as Mr. H. was not very well, he stopped at a house we came to, just as it began, while I went forward to the inn; he told me he would follow me when it ceased. but that, if it continued, he would join me the next day.

I rode on, and at length was compelled to stop at a most dreary inn, (if inn it could be called,) just on the skirts of a wide heath, which I did not dare to pass, as the road was totally obliterated. I therefore dismounted, and, being blessed with money enough to command all the accommodations the house could supply, I got a roaring fire, and plenty of eggs and bacon, &c. for my early dinner: but I confess, when I saw the snow continue to fall, and reflected that I was separated from my companion, and had nothing to amuse me and engage my attention but the dismal expanse of heath before my window, my spirits began to flag; I begged a book to read; but, what was rather surprising in Scotland, they had but one in the house, and that had been left there by a trave-

ler; I greedily caught at it when it arrived; but, alas! it was but of small comfort:—I wonder what the reader would guess it to be; perhaps a volume of *Shakspeare*, or *Ossian;* perhaps *Chevy-Chace*, or the *Battle* of *Flodden Field*, or *Marmion!* No, none of these, I can assure him. Perhaps the *Spectator* or *Guardian*, or the *History of Mary, Queen of Scots;*—no, none of these, but a plain and unadorned edition of the *London Directory!!* in which the exits and entrances of all the coaches and waggons out of and into the metropolis in the course and compass of every week, with every inn they put up at and depart from, were most charmingly registered, and all the information communicated that could be given upon topics so *highly interesting!*

My despair was now complete. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I shall certainly die of the vapours. I sat at the window till my heart quite ached. I had, not long before, been reading *Burns' Winter Night*, nor was it possible to forget *Thomson's* beautiful but dismal description of the poor lost cottager. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, as I cast my eyes over the heath, *just what follows* which you may call a poem if you please. If it had *fourteen* lines, it perhaps might pass for a *Sonnet:* how it came into any shape but that of a soliloquy, I should be puzzled to tell you.

THE SNOW-STORM.

I.

Stay thy forebodings, busy, busy Mind!
Why need'st *thou* feel the bitter blasts that blow?
Why need'st *thou* shudder at the Winter's wind,
The petrifying frost, and driving snow?

Do not for *thee* reviving embers glow ?
Is not for *thee* the ready table spread ?
Does not for *thee* the horn of plenty flow ?
Thou art no beggar of thy daily bread !

II.

Yet thou sitt'st trembling o'er thy brooding thought,
As if thou wert unsheltered and forlorn ;
Shudd'ring at scenes of *wo*, all *fancy-wrought ;*
Some *shiv'ring soul* to luckless fortune born,
From weeping wife, and famish'd children torn,
'Wilder'd and lost in trackless depths of snow !
At such self-painted prospects must thou mourn ?
Must the sigh heave, and tear of sorrow flow ?

III.

It is, perhaps, full human so to do,
For what were life if pity took her flight ?
It is full well to feel for others' wo,
Yet let thy *faith* persuade thee "all is right!"
The wretch that sinks may rise from his dark night
To brighter scenes of bliss that shall not cease ;
Meet his fond friend in realms of endless light,
Perpetual sunshine, and perpetual peace !

I think they are tolerably pretty and pathetic for a *clodpole* ;—but of this you may be well assured, gentle reader, that you will not find one fault in them, of which I am not myself aware ; only I leave them to your *civility* and *feeling*, rather than stop to mend them, as they were written so long ago.

The next day Mr. Hargrave joined me ; if I were to tell you what happened to him at the place he put up at, it would make both your ears to tingle, and you would certainly split your sides with laughing ; but you see I have got to go to Aberdeen to-night, if possible, and so cannot stop to tell it you ; none of you can expect that I should, who knows how precious

a thing time is: we made the best of our way to Aberdeen, after we had got together again, though at no small risk of being lost from the drifting of the snow.

Mr. Hargrave was well known to one of the professors at Aberdeen, who received us most civilly. We staid there but a very short time. While we were there, Mr. H. intimated, that the journey was undertaken solely on my father's account and mine; though he would not explain himself farther, I learned the whole history of it afterwards: nothing very particular occurred at Aberdeen, (the account of the place itself may be found elsewhere,) nor upon our return to Edinburgh. When I got back to the latter place, I found another letter from Grumblethorpe, written very soon after the former: all it said of Miss Mandeville was, "they are all well at the Vicarage; Emily gets better daily."

I know not whether the reader will have taken any pains to calculate how long I have been at Edinburgh. I have looked a little over the foregoing pages to see if I could make out, but, I must confess, it seems to me to be rather a mystery: I wish it to be so, and that's the truth; because, as I know I shall be made responsible for all these things, if my book falls into the hands of any of those catch-poles, the Reviewers, I wish to do things decently at least, and not fall into any violent anachronism or breach of consistency.

I want to have been at Edinburgh two years and to be supposed to have studied hard, and to have become a proficient in *Mathematics*, *Jurisprudence*, *Chemistry*, *Anatomy*, *Nosology*,

Botany, &c., and I am not sure that I have taken quite time enough for all this: it seems somewhat strange to me, but it looks, I must confess, as if I had not received above *three* or *four* letters from home during the whole *two* years, which would be preposterous; however, upon examining the bundle I have got, I find that this is a mere deception. In fact, I received many from my sister and father, that I have not mentioned. I have merely noticed *those* that had any thing in them concerning my *dear*, *dear*, *dear*, *dea*, *de*, *d*, *r r r r r r Emily! ! ! !*

The time came, in short, (for time will come, whether we will or no,) for our return into the south of Britain. Mr. Hargrave began to call in his accounts, and I saw plainly that we were beginning to depart: we had large packages to send away of fossils and other natural curiosities, for the whole of Scotland abounds in such things, and we had meddled with them pretty much. They were not mere baubles, or cabinet specimens, that we sent home: we had collected abundance of things illustrative of different *theories* of the earth. We were neither of us disposed to become *Huttonians*, and that is all I wish to say upon *that* subject at present.

On the eighteenth of March, one thousand seven hundred and BLANK, (for I don't wish to let you too deeply into the secret,) we took our leave of Edinburgh. Journeying home eastward, as we had entered it westerly, we stopped at Dunbar to see the Basaltic Columns there, which are certainly extremely curious. We passed one day at "our town of Berwick

on Tweed," as the Briefs say. We visited the Holy Island also, (but heard no tolling of the midnight bell,) and proceeded on to Newcastle, after visiting Alnwick Castle, the seat of his Grace of Northumberland:—the figures upon the top of the Castle, in the act, as it were, of sustaining a siege, amused me much; —perhaps they are all removed or decayed before this.

At Newcastle we visited the collieries, and descended in their mine-buckets, (or *baskets* rather.) We stopped a whole day at Durham: —I believe Mr. Hargrave wished to examine into the circumstances of that great prize in the Ecclesiastical Lottery; not with any expectation of it, for, though no man could be more worthy of it, yet, undoubtedly, no man could be less covetous or ambitious, but by way of seeing what he might have attained to in his profession, had he been *less* worthy, or more *covetous*, or more *ambitious: Nota Bene*, however, that, just as I am writing this, that See happens to be in the hands of a most munificent Prelate, and I wish it may never be in *worse* hands; for, *Thinks-I-to-myself*,

> "He that does good with his money and pelf
> Is a help to his neighbour as well as himself."

From *Durham*, we went regularly on upon the great London road. Mr. Hargrave had promised to see me safe home, otherwise we should have parted in Lincolnshire, where we first met.

As I got nearer and nearer to Grumblethorpe, I will leave any one to guess how my heart felt. It did not *bump* for Emily Mande-

ville only, it *bumped* for my excellent father, my dear and invaluable mother, and for my sister, whom I loved like myself. Mr. Hargrave himself felt delighted at the thoughts of seeing Grumblethorpe again, for nothing, I believe, could possibly exceed his regard, respect and veneration for my father and mother.

The driver, whom we took from the last stage, had never been at Grumblethorpe Hall before, so that, instead of going straight, as he should have done, to the end of the avenue, he managed to make for an entrance of the park, which inevitably carried us past the *Vicarage*, by a road seldom travelled. The novelty of a carriage coming that way naturally drew all the family to the window, and I had the pleasure of beholding the whole group, as I supposed, for I could not quite *distinguish* them: I would have given the world to have got out, but I felt it to be little less than sacrilege to deprive my good *father*, and *mother*, and *sister*, of the *first greetings:* I therefore contented myself with only kissing my hand over and over again to them, and passed on. We at length drove up to the very steps of the Hall; immediately the doors flew open, and there stood my father, mother, sister, and many *old servants*, ready to receive us. I ran into their arms, and was for some time quite overcome with the affectionate and sincere caresses I received.

Mr. Hargrave demanded much of their attention, and helped, of course, to disembarrass matters:—in short, we were at last safely landed at the Hall again;—the trees I had wished good bye to stood where they did;—the posts

and the palings also;—but probably all the geese and turkeys that I had envied so much, as I parted from them two years before, had been killed and eaten, so that, upon the whole, I was by far the best off after all; all envy, probably, is of the same nature, and equally ill-founded.

We had, of course, a long list of inquiries to answer, nor had I a few to make. I found that the neighbourhood in general remained as it was, only that Mrs. Creepmouse was dead, as I have mentioned, and Miss Fidget had gone off with the footman: the lovely, fine, puny, sickly, troublesome boy was gone to school, and Miss Charleville, with whom I *partly* fell in love, as I have described, was married to the Earl of Fitz-Arlington.

The next morning, many messages of inquiry were sent to know how Mr. Robert Dermont did, &c., and the next morning to that, I had the honour of receiving many visits; for now I was no longer regarded as a boy. I was the heir apparent to the Hall, come to years of tolerable discretion: perhaps the reader will wonder whether I have been to the Vicarage yet; actually not! I was close to it, and I felt *that* to be almost enough; sooner than precipitate matters, I chose to stay away. I even visited Nicotium Castle first; if any body takes this for *indifference*, they are *fools*. I say it without scruple. They know nothing of the strange *inconsistencies* and *mysteries* of *love*. They were all extremely glad to see me at Nicotium Castle, but to say they were highly delighted might exceed the truth: Miss Twist bestowed upon me nothing warmer than a few bob courtesies, and Mrs. Twist was more for-

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mal than familiar: nevertheless, I saw plainly, with only half an eye, as the saying is, that Nicotium Castle was mine if I chose to ask for it.

After visiting Nicotium Castle, my father himself proposed going to the Vicarage: he little thought what was the state of my poor heart. We rode there, therefore, and found them all at home, except Mr. Mandeville: Emily, I thought, looked shockingly; but she seemed heartily glad to see me, only ashamed to show it; we behaved to each other as shyly as possible; we just shook hands, and that was all. I said I was glad to see her better; Mrs. Mandeville observed, that she had been very ill indeed; and, had I spoken my mind honestly, I ought to have said, that I was very glad of it, for so I really was on many accounts; had she continued in rude health and high spirits all the while I had been absent, my love probably might have abated; but, as it was, I felt more than ever attached to her; because *she had been ill*, and because *she looked ill* What a monstrous strange complaint love is!

Miss *Twist* had been as well as possible all the while; I don't think she had even a cold or a cough, nor had her spirits once changed; she had talked about me, I believe, and sung Delia, and thought often, probably, about my *Coronet;* but, had any news arrived of the Coronet's having flown away, I very much question whether Delia would ever have been sung again; however, I must not be too severe, for I verily believe, had Nicotium Castle flown away, or Miss Grizilda been disinherited, my good father would have thought nothing about

her, she was certainly not altogether a favourite.

Mr. Hargrave surprised me very much, one morning, by letting me into a secret, of which I had before no suspicion at all, namely, that, in my absence, my sister Caroline had had an offer from Capt. Charleville, and that it was likely to become a match. I was heartily rejoiced at this news, because the family was truly amiable, and I was very certain that my sister was not likely to have fallen in love merely with his Peerage and Coronet, which I too justly suspected to be the case with Miss Twist.

My father and Mr. Hargrave, of course, passed much of their time together, and I suppose *my* future fortunes and destinies occupied much, if not most, of their attention. I managed as I could to visit the Vicarage, which was seldom; nor (had I had ever so good an opportunity) did I feel sufficiently at liberty to avow my attachment openly. I certainly often looked and sighed, and sighed and looked, in a way that must have excited great suspicions; and I am doubtful whether I was always sufficiently careful to avoid pressing her hand, and saying what some people call "*soft things*" to her.

In the mean time, the communications with Nicotium Castle were frequent; they were continually coming to us, and we going to them; in all our evening amusements, Miss Twist and myself seemed, by some fatal circumstance or other, to be brought together; if we played at cards, we were always placed next to each other; if we danced, she was to be my partner; if there was music. she sung Delia; and

He that "*would approach, but dare not move*," was sure to be *me:* if we played at forfeits, we were doomed to go behind the curtain together, and if we played at *consequences*, we were sure to meet in a wood, and the end was *kissing*. All these things produced remarks, and insinuations, and suspicions, and reports, and expectations, so that, I doubt not, many thought the ring was bought, and a special license sent for, and Nicotium Castle thoroughly settled upon me and my heirs; whereas never had *my* consent been in any manner whatsoever thought of: they were all reckoning without their host.

But *one day*, contrary to all my expectations, I was put into a considerable fright; for who should attack me but my dear friend, Mr. Hargrave. As we were walking together, one day, towards the memorable *Twist stile*, he began upon the subject: says he, "How happy am I to think that your sister is likely to marry so well! what a comfort will it be to your worthy father and mother to see her not only so well settled, but united to so near and so respectable a neighbour! the marriage of a daughter is a matter of extreme anxiety: what then must be the marriage and settlement of an only son, heir to the whole paternal inheritance? Upon *your* choice, in this particular, my dear young friend, must depend far more than your *own* happiness,—the honour and happiness of those now alive, and, by reflection, the honour at least of that long list of progenitors, from whom you are likely to inherit title and dignity: in *your* choice, one thing seems chiefly to be considered to degrade yourself by a con-

nexion in every way below you would be base indeed; to be *particular* about *family* seems unnecessary; your own being already sufficiently conspicuous; *fortune* then is the thing that seems most to be attended to; riches tend to break down many distinctions, and why should the great be backward to assist *in ennobling* those who may be willing to *enrich* them?" I surely thought the whole business was coming out, and at this moment, I dare say, the reader expects the same,—but no such thing: he soon after ended his discourse by saying, "Therefore, my good friend, when you begin to look out for a wife, think of these things."

"My dear sir," says I, taking up the conversation, "suffer me to make one remark:—if every man was to be supposed to be equally at liberty deliberately to *look out*, as you call it, for that *accommodation* called a *wife*, I might promise to obey your injunctions; but I have heard that some people can pop upon a wife before they are aware of it, without any "*looking out*" at all:—that some people have been known to marry for *neither* honour nor riches, and to be *unable to do otherwise*, spite of their teeth:—you seem to me, my dear sir, to have proposed *but two* cases to my consideration; first, to look out for a wife when necessary, and, next, to make such a choice as may help to enrich myself, while I ennoble my elect:—now what am I to do, if I find a wife without looking out for one, and she should happen to be poor,—*is* it quite forbidden me to take a wife that I find by accident, be she never so good, or *if* I *feel disposed to it*, to *ennoble* the *unen-*

dowed ?—I am not talking of persons *in every way below me*, which to marry, as you say, would be base indeed,—but what am I to do, if, while I am '*looking out*' with all my eyes for a *rich heiress* of *low degree* to *raise* and *ennoble*, the twentieth child of some poor gentleman should come in my way, endowed with every virtue under the sun?" Mr. Hargrave had no idea that I meant any thing serious, I believe, so that he only laughed at my method of parrying his attack.—We soon after returned to the Hall, where the Twists were engaged to dine with us, in a snug sort of way.

They came a little before five. I had, as usual, to sit next to Miss Twist, and to bear, as well as I could, many jokes, hints, insinuations, &c., as well as many plain advances, on the part of the young lady, not at all in the way of love and regard, but of affectation and vanity, as though presuming upon the irresistibility of her *three hundred thousand* charms.

Unfortunately, (that is, I mean, for three such terrible noodles as my father, Mr. Hargrave, and myself, who were no *amateurs* of the art of *boxing*,) just as the ladies had retired, my father happened to ask Mr. Twist what had carried him to London in such extreme haste five days ago: for, as we were going to church on the preceding Sunday, he had passed us in his chaise and four, as if he had been on an errand of life and death:—"O," says he, "I went to be present at the famous match between *Bob Gubbins* and *Big Beelzebub*,—I had a bet with Lord ——— of seven to four upon Bob. It was a tight battle, I assure you:—Bob had the best of it for seventeen rounds at the

least, and would certainly have *bet*, only Big Beelzebub happened to put in such a confounded hit under his left jaw, just as he was returning to the eighteenth rally, that knocked him over and over; and I verily thought that all the *sport* would be at an end, and that he must have died on the spot: it was noble sparring till then; I never saw Bob fight better: Big Beelzebub, at one time, bled at every channel,—nose, mouth, eyes, ears, neck, shoulder, back, breast; it would have done your heart good to have seen it."

Thinks-I-to-myself, my *father's heart*, indeed!

"The first round," continued Mr. Twist, "both sparred with great caution; Bob began with a neat right-handed hit, which being smartly returned, they fell to; Bob seemed to give way at first, but in a short time rallied, and threw such a devil of a parcel of straight blows into Beelzebub's throat and breast, that his mouth burst out with blood, and down he fell; so that, to my great joy, the first blood and first fall were both completely in Bob's favour:—Big Beelzebub rose weak and sickish;—Bob threw several blows away by round hitting, but at length overset Big Beelzebub again by one of the sharpest right-hand facers I ever saw: Big Beelzebub rallied, and put in a tight blow on Bob's mouth, which broke two of his grinders; but he kept his ground, and again threw his opponent, after boring him all round the ring. I am confident Bob would have got the best of it, but for his last unlucky fall:—but I'll tell you what:—you may depend upon it, if he don't die, (which is ten chances

to one but he does,) and Big Beelzebub never recovers his sight, (which is at present thought impossible,) I will make another match between them as soon as I can, and shall have no scruple to take the same bets on Bob; for I never saw a fellow throw in his blows better in my life than my friend Bob did, or do more to cripple his man:—I'll be bound he'll completely do him next time."

Unluckily, the effect this delicate and delicious display of Mr. Twist's eloquence had upon my father, Mr. Hargrave, and myself, was to make us completely silent, not only during the whole of its continuance, but when he had got fairly to the end; so that, before we could recover from the state of disgust (and sickness, almost) into which he had thrown us, he abruptly turned aside to a fresh topic little less interesting.————

"But, only think," says he, "Mr. Dermont, of poor *Tom Dash!*"—"What of him?" says my father. "Shot himself!" says Mr. Twist:—"I had not heard a word of it," says my father;—"It *must* be *him*," says Mr. Twist; and, pulling a newspaper from his pocket,—"Here," says he, "is the only public account I have seen of it;—'*It is with extreme concern*,'——Ay, well they may say so, indeed; poor Tom! a better whip did not exist; such a stud of horses!! '*It is with extreme concern we hear, that a Gentleman, very celebrated in the sporting world*, (ay, celebrated he was indeed, the finest and boldest rider you ever saw; and such a shot!) *put an end to his existence yesterday at an inn not very distant from the metropolis*;'—ay, at Salt Hill; he was a member of the *Whip*

Club; four beautiful roans he used to drive, so steady in harness, he was one of the best whips among them;"—"But," says my father, "how do you know it was him? his name is not mentioned:"—"O, but I have it here in a *private letter* from a *friend*," says Mr. Twist, pulling one from his pocket, of such a shape and colour as I scarce ever saw before;—"it is from Sir Harry Hark-a-way's *huntsman*, with whom I occasionally correspond:—here, at the bottom of his letter, he says,—'I suppose your Honner will have heered of pure Muster *Dash!*' (Muster Dash he writes, for he can't spell very well, and indeed I can scarce read his writing;) —I suppose you will have heered of pure Muster Dash! what a Moll and Colly event has be, be, be, be,'—the Devil! the fellow writes such a hand, I can't really read it,—'be-*wappered* him,' I think it is;"—"Perhaps," says my father, "be-*fallen* him?"—"O, ay, befallen him," says Mr. Twist, "so it is:—'What a Moll and Colly event has befallen him at Salt Hill!' —Ay, that's the place, you see, exactly,—*an Inn not very distant from the Metropolis*—there he shot himself, certainly:"—"But why shot himself?" says my father; "I don't see that you have learned that yet."—"What! do you think he'd *hang* himself," says Mr. Twist, hastily, "like a scoundrel, or go through the tedious ceremony of *poisoning* himself? If his existence is terminated, as I too much fear, depend upon it, it was by a bullet, and from his own hand;—Tom was not a bungler: —I wonder what will become of his stud; —I should like to have his roans myself:— when I was a member of the Leicester hunt,

he used to ride a famous colt of Eclipse's, so like, that O'Kelly himself offered him 400 guineas for it, merely on account of its likeness; not a hair different:—If you had but seen that horse take a leap;—it was quite a grand sight; so cool, so steady; a child might have rode him!—he used to rise and look round, as it were, to see if there were any stakes or bad ground on the other side, and whatever there might be, he was sure to clear it.—I never shall forget a run we had one thirteenth of November;—bitter cold morning; long time before we found:—we were sitting on our horses together, under a wood, and I pulled out a hunting flask I had full of brandy, that I would not have lost for the world;—just as poor Tom had got it to his mouth to drink, they unkennelled the fox;—instead of returning my poor bottle into my possession, he threw it from him into the thickest part of the wood, behind him, and off he went!—I never got near him again the whole day:—the horse was fitter for a race horse, but he would not run him, except for the hunter's plate once at Ascot, where he won hollow:—poor Tom! well, it's well he came to no *worse* end! he was as near *hanged* once as could be."—"How so?" says Mr. Hargrave.—"Why, the case, you see," says Mr. Twist, "was exactly this:—I had it from one that was there:—At a Tavern dinner at Liverpool one day, Tom, being in the chair, proposed a *profane* toast;—the man that sat next to him refused to drink it;—Tom insisted;—the man would not: he declared he would not only not drink it, but, if he knew the inventor of it, he should be disposed to chastise him:—"*Not* if

it were *me*, *myself*, sir," says Tom, "I suppose?" (for, in fact, it was his own invention;) —"Yes, sir," says the other, "if it were *you*, *yourself*, *you*;"—upon which Tom, who had plenty of pepper in his blood, threw a glass of wine plump in his face;—you may be pretty sure it was not easy to hush *such* a matter up; —pistols were procured by the *friends* of each party, and they went out immediately;—at the very first fire, Tom's ball passed through his heart, and he dropped just as dead as a pancake. —Tom made off, as you may suppose; and it was well he did, for the fellow he killed was much beloved, and was well connected, and had a wife and nine children, so that you may easily think it made a pretty dust:—Tom got abroad somehow or other, and there he staid till all the proceedings against him were supposed to be at an end; but, as he certainly gave great provocation, had he been caught, and tried before *some illiberal old woman of a Judge*, he would certainly have been hanged."—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, hanging would have been a thousand times too good for him.

"But, pray," says my father, "how can you call it a better end that he is come to *now*, if it should be true that he has *shot himself?*"—"He could not possibly, my dear sir," says Mr. Twist, "have done a better deed;—he was completely *dished:* he could never have appeared again: the rest of his days must, probably, have been passed in the King's Bench:" —"I don't *quite* know, Twist," says my father, "what you mean by *dished*, but I should just wish to ask, where you think the *rest of his days* will be passed *now?*" "O," says Mr.

Twist, "faith, I never thought of that; my neighbour here, Mr. Hargrave, perhaps, would answer that better than me; but poor Tom, I must confess, I believe, did not *much think of* passing his time any where but *here*, and when he was tired of it, he made his bow, and away he went;"—"And left," says my father, "all his brother whips to follow, I suppose;"—"Follow *where?*" says Mr. Twist. "I don't know," says my father; "but not, I think, where they used to follow him, which was generally, I apprehend, to the *stable:*"—"Ay, often indeed," says Mr. Twist, "they did: it would have done your heart good to have seen the style in which he kept his horses."—"Well," says my father, "I am glad of that for the sake of the poor horses; for, for what I know, *they* might be very *sensible* and *worthy* horses, and *deserve* to be *pampered* and *high fed;*"—"They did indeed," says Mr. Twist, not at all seeing the drift of the insinuation.

"Well," says my father, "but what do you really think Tom Dash will ever do in *a world* without *horses*, or *stables*, or *whips*, or *hounds*, or *birds*, or *guns?*"—"I don't think he'll go there," says Mr. Twist;—"Hold," says my father, "remember, Twist, he *must* go, if he's called, and he can't shoot himself *out of the other world*, as he has shot himself out of this;"—"That I can't tell," says Mr. Twist;—"But, surely," says my father, "you can't think he will have that power;"—"I tell you," says Mr. Twist, "I don't know; but of this I am very certain, that he had power to go out of this world when he chose, and he made use of it."—"It *seems* to be just as you say," says my father, "and

yet I much question the truth of it."—"How so," says Mr. Twist; "what! did'nt he shoot himself?"—"O! I don't deny that," says my father, "but I much doubt whether he can fairly be said to have had *power* to do it;—you. yourself, could certainly shoot me at this moment if you chose it; but do you think the *Law* has given you *power* to do it? Do you think you could safely do it without any chance of an after reckoning?"—"O, O," says Mr. Twist, "I *smoke* you now;—*you* think *suicide not lawful!*"—"I do," says my father; "can you think otherwise?"—"To be sure," says Mr. Twist; "and it is but fair, that, as we came into this world without our own consent, we should not be compelled to stay in it if we don't like it:"—"That's very good indeed," says my father; "so I suppose you think, when a culprit is put upon his *trial*, because he is brought to the bar against his own consent, he may quit the court at his own discretion, and not wait for the sentence of removal."

"I'll tell you what," says Mr. Twist, "I am no Parliament man, (I was going to say no *Parson*, but I would not for the world be rude to Mr. Hargrave here,) but I say I am no Parliament man, or *Speechifier*, and therefore I cannot undertake to argue the point with you: but I have at home a Poem written, I do suppose, by one of the cleverest chaps in Christendom, where the business is proved to a nicety: it begins, '*Averse from Life, nor well resolv'd to die.*'—I wish I could repeat it, but I'll give it to my friend Bob here, to-morrow, and he shall read it to you:—if you can answer *that*, then I will be ready to confess that poor

Tom Dash had better have staid where he was."—"You had better," says my father, "give it to Bob, for if you give it to *me*, fifty to one but I put it in the fire;"—"I would not part with it for the world," says Mr. Twist; "so don't play tricks with it; I only say, *answer* it."

My father begged he would send it;—"It will surely be pleasant," says he, "to any of us, nay, an extreme happiness, to learn that we may shoot ourselves whenever we please; only, till I see the Poem, be assured, Twist, that I won't believe we possess any such power or privilege;—no, not if ten thousand *Tom Dashes* were to shoot themselves before my face." Just at this moment a summons to tea arrived, and we arose to go to the drawing room.

My father, I really believe, felt glad to have inveigled Mr. Twist, as it were, into an argument of this sort, hoping in time to be able to open his eyes a little to the extreme folly, worthlessness, and absurdity, of the life led by himself and too many of his acquaintance.

After tea, we had *Delia*, which made, I suppose, its usual impressions upon us both;—that is, it made Miss Twist think of me, and me of Emily Mandeville; I confess, I could not help thinking more than ever of the latter. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, surely nothing can render it very *decorous* in me to *ennoble* the daughter of a *stable-keeper*, a *groom*, a *huntsman*, the friend of *murderers* and *suicides!*

The next day the Poem came, directed to the reader's most humble servant, that is, to me, the clodpole; and fitly enough; for, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, Mr. Twist surely fancies I

shall never consent to marry his daughter, unless I have free leave from God and man to quit the world at any time afterwards that I please! Upon running my eye over the poem, I began to think it might be quite safe in Mr. Twist's hands, for it seemed to me much above both the extent of his comprehension, and the measure of his taste; the lines were nervous, strong, and apparently from the hand of a master: I carried them to my father; he read them very attentively:—"Have *you* read them?" says he; "I have, sir," says I;—"Do you like them?" says my father. "I think the lines are certainly strong, and the poetry good;" "But the *argument*," says my father;—"I should wish, sir, to consider it more," says I; "Do, my boy," says my father; "and mind put down upon any scrap of paper your objections as you go along, if any occur."

I took the poem from him, and, as was generally the case when I wanted to consider things with particular attention, I walked into the park with the poem in my pocket;—while there I perused it again carefully; noted my objections with a pencil, as my father had desired, and was going to return, when, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, why not answer it in verse?—I retired into a more secluded part of the park, and, taking stanza by stanza, went through the whole, till I had written a regular reply.

I carried it in haste to my father, and he ran with it eagerly to Mr. Hargrave; as they both approved of it, I wrote it out fair, and, as they seemed to think it a proper reply to a mischievous poem, which, for what I know, may

still be travelling about the world alone, as was the case when it came into my hands, I shall here present the reader with the companion I ventured to provide for it, sincerely hoping that no Tom Dash will henceforward shoot himself till he has carefully read both: as for the *poetry* of the latter, I care not a fig about it: I can only assert, which I do most positively, that the *argument* it contains will for ever prevent my *Tom Dashing* my own brains out, yea, though I should happen to be wedded to such another as Miss Twist.

THE SUICIDE.

Averse from Life, nor well resolv'd to die,
Us'd but to murmur, I retain my breath;
Yet pant, enlarged from this dull world, to try
The hospitable, though cold arms of Death.

What future joys should bid me wish to live?
What flatt'ring dreams of better days remain?
What prospect can obscure existence give
A recompense for penury and pain?

Is there a hope that o'er this unton'd frame
Awaken'd Health her wonted glow shall spread?
Is there a path to pleasure, wealth or fame,
Which sickness, languor and remorse can tread?

Why, therefore, should I doubt? what should I fear?
Why for a moment longer bear my grief?
Behold!—my great Deliverer is near,—
Immediate as I wish his prompt relief!

Oh! instance strange of free but blinded will,
Discuss'd so much, so little understood!
To bear the certainty of present ill,
Before the certain chance of ill or good!

But what that chance ?—Why, be it what it may,
Still 'tis a chance,—and here my woes are sure ;
—" Yet think these woes are sorrows of a day
While those to all eternity endure !"

Think of the horrors of eternal pain !
" Imag'nation startles at the name !
Nor can impress upon the labouring brain
Duration endless still, and still the same."—

Well hast thou said ;—nor can it be impress'd,—
Has blind credulity that abject slave,
Who thinks his nothingness, for ever bless'd,
Shall hold eternal triumph o'er the grave ?

When oceans cease to roll, rocks melt away,
Atlas and Ætna sink into the plain,
The glorious Sun, the elements decay,
Shall Man, Creation's flimsiest work, remain ?

What shall remain of Man ? His outward frame ?
Soon shall that moulder to its native dust !
Or haply that unbodied, subtle flame,
Which occupies and animates the bust !

Let but a finger ache, the kindred Soul
Its intimate alliance shall perceive ;
Let ultimate destruction grasp the whole,
The Soul, immortal and unchang'd, shall live :

Stop but one conduit, and the tone is lost ;
But, burst each pipe, and tear up every key,
Then shall the decompounded Organ's ghost,
Swell the loud peal of endless harmony !

So shall that quality, whose pow'rs arise
From various parts, by nicest art arrang'd,
With every shock they suffer, sympathize,
Yet after their destruction live unchang'd !

So much for argument ; the Legends vain
Of Priestly craft reach not th' ingenuous mind ;
Let knaves invent, and folly will maintain,
The wildest system that deludes mankind

Did there exist the very Hell they paint,
Were there the very Heav'n they desire,
'Twere hard to choose, a Devil or a Saint,
Eternal Sing-Song, or Eternal Fire!

Ye idle Hopes of future joys, farewell!
Farewell, ye groundless Fears of future wo
Lo! the sole argument on which to dwell,
Shall I, or shall I not, this life forego?

I know the storm that waits my destin'd head,
The trifling joys I yet may hope to reap;
The momentary pang I have to dread,
The state of undisturb'd, undreaming sleep!

Then all is known,—and all is known too well
Or to distract, or to delay my choice:—
No hopes solicit, and no fears rebel,
Against mine ultimate, determin'd voice.

Had I suspicions that a future state
Might yet exist, as haply I have none;
'Twere worth the cost to venture on my fate
Impell'd by curiosity alone.—

Sated with life, and amply gratify'd
In every varied pleasure life can give,
One sole enjoyment yet remains untry'd,
One only novelty,—to cease to live.

Not yet reduc'd a scornful alms to crave,
Not yet of those with whom I live the sport,
No great man's pander, parasite, or slave,
O death! I seek thy hospitable port!

Thou, like a virgin in her bridal sheet,
Seemest prepar'd consenting kind to lie;
The happy bridegroom, I, with hasty feet,
Fly to thy arms in rapt'rous ecstasy.

ANSWER.

NEVER more modulate with your sweet aid,
Ye gentle Muses! such unhallowed strains!
"Resolv'd to die!" —shall this by *Man* be said?
Thankless for pleasure, shall he bear no pains

To him, who from the cold tomb *hopes* to rise,
Death's icy arms full "hospitable" are;
But who, averse from this world, murm'ring flies,
Thy sting, O grave! mistakingly may dare!

Why dost thou ask, if flatt'ring hopes remain?
If to thy "unton'd frame" health may return?
Sure to *new* scenes of pleasure or of pain,
Some hand may burst the cerements of thy urn.

The varying seasons expectation give:
Go to the clos'd up buds in winter's gloom;
Ask by what recreating pow'r *they* live,
In gay spring-tide *who* renovates *their* bloom!

This is experience:—but the grave's unknown!
From pain, from sickness, and from penury,
From earthly tribulations, when thou'rt flown,
How dost thou know Death will deliver thee?

It is no instance of a blinded will
To shun a chance so little understood;
Better to bear the weight of present ill,
Than risk the certain loss of future good.

What is thy chance, then?—Here thy lot is sure!
"The days of Man are threescore years and ten;"
And seldom more;—how long they *may* endure,
The wisest knows not if we live again.

Why does Eternity so startle you?
Say, is it easier to comprehend
What pow'r this mighty system can undo,
And every thing annihilate and end?

Exert thy reason; surely that's no slave;
Why should'st thou trust to what thou *canst not know*?
Thy thoughts destroy us, reason tries to save
And, unpresuming, says, it *may* be so.

Should " Oceans cease to roll, rocks melt away,
" Atlas and Ætna sink into the plain,
" The glorious Sun, the elements, decay,"
Man, the Creator's image, *may* remain!

All *may* remain of Man! His outward frame
May for the present moulder and decay;
But yet not *lost*, if God remain the same;
He *hath* called *unform'd* beings into day!

Let but a finger ache, the kindred soul
Its intimate alliance *may* perceive;
Yet cut off limbs, the mind continues whole;
Uninjur'd, unimpair'd, it yet may live!

Stop but one conduit, and the tone is lost;
And burst each pipe, and tear up every key;
Still for some new-form'd frame the " Organ's Ghost
May yet exist: unalter'd Harmony!

So may " that quality," whose pow'rs arise
Not from man's feeble and decaying frame,
With every shock it suffers, sympathize,
Yet, after its destruction, live the same.

May this be argument;—th' ingenuous mind
Builds not on priestly craft or legends vain;
Sure the sad system that destroys mankind,
Knaves have invented, folly does maintain!

Is there the Hell that holy writ declares?
The Heav'n we hope for, is it really such?
The wretch that *shrinks* from *this* world and its cares
In such a choice, would hesitate not much.

" Shall I, or shall I not, this life forego?"—
This is the argument on which you'd dwell;
Yet sure 'tis weak, unknowing where you go,
To bid the *chances of this* world farewell.

The will of Heav'n's concealed from human eye!
How dare you say, you " know the storm to come?"
The parting pang *may be* but momentary;
But may there be no *dreaming* in the tomb?

All is *not* known; yet sure enough is seen
Much to delay and counteract thy choice;
Hopes *should* solicit, fears *should* intervene
Against thy rash and ill-determin'd voice.

Thy curiosity will soon be o'er;
Why should'st thou go in danger all alone?
Canst thou not tarry one short moment more,
The term of *this* Life's limited and known?

Sated with Life, and all its varying joys,
Try no new scene you cannot judge of well;
God, in his own good time, will raise his voice;
If you *believe* not *Heav'n*, yet *risk* not *Hell!*

"No great man's pander, parasite, or slave,
"Nor yet of those with whom you live the sport,
"Nor yet reduc'd a scornful alms to crave,"
Why like a fugitive to death resort?

Death's arms are hospitable but to those
Who have fulfill'd on earth Heav'n's high decrees;
The *Good* in the cold grave *may* find *repose*,
And wake at last to heavenly ecstasies.

My father would have the answer sent to Nicotium Castle, and he got Mr. Hargrave to carry it:—what Mr. Twist said to it, Mr. Hargrave would never exactly tell us, but he assured us, that, before he left him, Mr. Twist expressed a wish that poor Tom Dash had read it;—he afterwards acknowledged to my father, that he would look sharp himself before he ever took such a leap; so that, altogether, I believe it did good;—but as for arguing the matter much, he was certainly not very capable of it, either in prose or verse.

END OF VOL. I.

VOLUME II.

THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF

&c.

Not long after the visit described in the former volume, and the writing of the poem, I strolled down to the Vicarage, thinking in my own mind that I would soon muster up courage to disclose to Emily the situation of my heart. While I was there, my mother and sister called, and, quite unexpectedly to me, proposed taking Emily home in the carriage to pass three or four days at the Hall:—*bump*, *bump*, *bump*, *bump*, went my poor heart directly:—the invitation was accepted, and she actually returned with them. I went on to Mrs. Fidget's, with a message from my mother, rejoicing all the way, of course, at the thoughts of finding Emily at the Hall on my return.

Now I suppose, that any body, who *never had* my *complaint*, would naturally conclude, that, all the time Emily staid at Grumblethorpe, I was particularly lively and gay; exerted all my talents to amuse her and engage her attention;—nothing of the kind! I was ten times more *shy* of *her* than of Miss Twist: if I spoke to her upon the most common occasion, it was always under some embarrassment, and if I attempted at any time to be witty and facetious, nothing could possibly exceed the nonsense that came out of my mouth; so that at last I began seriously to think of laying aside

that organ of speech, and of talking to her merely with my eyes:—with the latter, I felt far more capable of discoursing with her, and had no reason to think such ocular language was very unintelligible to her; had *she* had but confidence and assurance enough to *answer* me, (which, however, I liked her only the better for *not* having,) I make no doubt but that the exact state of both our hearts might have been made known to each other without the utterance of letter, syllable, word, or sentence.

One evening, during her stay, the Twists came. I believe they wondered to see the companion my sister had chosen. Nothing could exceed the assurance with which Miss Twist appeared to make me her own; had she had a spark of *real love* for me, she would have been more *diffident*, as I knew by my own feelings. While we were amusing ourselves altogether with *charades*, *riddles*, *thread-paper verses*, and other such wonderful efforts of genius, she slipped a paper into my hands, which, she said, was a *conundrum*; when I opened it, I found it to be,

> "If *you* love *me* as *I* love *you*,
> "Need these *twain* be longer *two*?"

which I apprehend she had learned of her house-maid: I pretended to laugh at it, but, am ashamed to say, was, at the same time, inwardly provoked to *think to myself* the following short reply:—

> "If *you* love *me* as *I* love *you*.
> "I know the reason why we're *two*"

But indeed I verily believe that the *twain* were upon pretty equal terms, and that *she* did really *love me* much about as well as *I* loved *her;* how many *twain* under such circumstances become *one* in the course of every year, I pretend not even to guess *;* but, *perhaps*, *now* and *then* riches and coronets *do* meet together under no better circumstances ; perhaps *some*-times under worse ; I know nothing about it.

I began, however, to be very confident that some *eclairsissement* must take place very soon ; but, as I studiously avoided giving her any encouragement, I was in hopes some of the elders of the party would think fit to begin the inquiry I wished to be made into the state of *my* sentiments. *Emily* staid with us four days ; —during which time, though I had not suffered a *vow* or a *promise*, or even an *inquiry*, to pass my *lips*, I yet felt satisfied that I had made many communications of this nature with my *eyes :* I was still, however, under considerable alarm about the state of *her* heart ; she had a cousin who often visited at the Vicarage, just about her own age, whose eyes I could have poked out at any time, and given them to the birds, I felt so afraid of them ; for *he looked at her* as well as *me*, and while she was with us, she was working him a purse. The first time I discovered who this purse was for, I passed the whole night without once closing my eyes, in such an agony of distress, and despair, and torment, that it is a great wonder I was not quite a corpse before the morning.

I have often heard this, and that, and t'other *pain* mentioned as the *worst* that mortals can endure ; such as the *tooth-ache*, *ear-ache*, *head-*

ache, *cramp in the calf of the leg*, a *bite*, or a *blister*: now I protest, though I have tried all these, nothing seems to me at all to come up to a *pretty sharp fit of jealousy*. Give me the man that will lay quite quiet all night in his bed, and sleep composedly, after he has had reason to suspect that some other man is of far more account than himself in the eyes of his mistress: for my own part, the torture of such a state of mind always appeared to me so transcendently terrible, that, even now, I had rather have the *toothe-ache*, *ear-ache*, and *cramp*, *all at once*, with a *blister on my back* into the bargain, than undergo what I felt the night of which I speak; I mean, when I found that the purse Emily was netting (and which I had been every evening admiring) was promised to her cousin; I have heard since, that he is really a very good sort of young man, and yet that night I could not get it out of my head that he was a *devil!*—a downright *devil!*—a *fiend!* I suppose this was all very natural, but it serves to show what blunders nature may make when she goes to work without reason.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, most certainly, "*la raison n'est pas ce qui regle l'amour.*"

What will the reader think was the state of my mind, when, a little while afterwards, my sister, having called at the *Vicarage*, brought me back a purse exactly of the same pattern! "There," says she, "Robert, you are in luck; —you admired the purse so much that Miss Mandeville was netting while she was with us, that she has been at the trouble of working another for you exactly like it, of which she begs your acceptance; it is not *quite* the same,

I see," says she, "for, I observe, she has honoured *you* with *gold* tassels instead of *silk* ones." I leave *you* to guess, *gentle, sentimental* reader, whether the purse would have at all risen in value, had it been filled brim full with all Miss Twist's hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Two or three mornings after this dear and precious present was made to me, (I cannot help stopping now to think how often I kissed it,) while we were at breakfast, the post came in, and my father, opening one of the letters,—"The deuce take it," says he, "it's come at last!" *Thinks-I-to-myself*,—what's come?—but my mother said it aloud;—"*What's* come at last, Mr. Dermont?"—"Ay," says my father, "poor *Mr. Dermont!* you must take leave of *him*, I am afraid, for ever!"—"Good God!" says my mother, "what do you mean?" and was near fainting: my father, God help him, had not the smallest intention of exciting such alarm; when he saw my mother turn so pale, he was frightened out of his wits;—"Lord!" says he, "how could I be such an idiot; it's nothing but that nasty Scotch *Barony* that is come; for old Lady *Tay-and-Tumble* is dead, and I am Lord Kilgarnock!"

Never did a peerage, I believe, Scotch, English, or Irish, meet with a more unwelcome reception; for we were all too much occupied with the recovery of my mother to take any further notice of it, so that, by the time Mr. Hargrave joined the breakfast party, the *Baroness Kilgarnock* seemed to have quite forgotten it; for, as soon as he entered,—"Do," says she, "*Mr. Dermont*, make Mr. Hargrave

understand that we are not all crazy, for I am sure he must think so:" as my mother got better, we, of course, returned to our seats, and then Mr. Hargrave was duly made acquainted with all that had passed.

It was settled, however, that not a word at present should be said about it; "For God's sake," says my father, "let me take breath a little before it is made known, for I fear I shall soon be surfeited with '*my Lord*,' and '*your Lordship*.' "—It could not, however, be kept secret long, for, in two hours after, an express arrived, requiring my father's presence in *Scotland*, if possible, or, if *not* possible, at least in *London*, to sign some papers of consequence. —The news therefore transpired, and *Mr. Dermont* became *my Lord;* and, for my own part, let the title come as it would, I, of all people in the world, had reason to be glad; for nothing could be more puzzling than my own appellation before my father became a lord, for, being not advanced beyond my boyhood, some of the servants would still continue to call me *Master Bobby;* some, advancing a little further, would call me *Mister Bobby;* some, Mr. Robert, and some, Mr. Robert Dermont. but now the point was happily settled: —the Honourable Bob, or Bobby, would never do; the Honourable Robert was quite right in matters of form, but, for colloquial purposes and cases of personal address, *Mr. Dermont* became my exclusive property.

It was curious to see how many notes we received, in the compass of a few days, directed to the *Right Honourable Lady Kilgarnock.* —Poor Miss Twist made a blunder that was

very natural, but almost laughable from its coming so soon; for, on the very evening of the day the news came, my sister received a note from her, directed to the Honourable *Miss Kilgarnock;* she fancied, poor thing, that we were *Kilgarnocked* from one end of the family to the other, and that *Dermont* was become quite a plebeian name—a mere cast-away.

The first person I saw after the safe arriva. of the title was Mr. Mandeville. If the reader thinks he made a lower bow to the *Honourable Mr. Bob* than usual, he will be much mistaken; for he came, on the contrary, expressly to chide and rebuke me; almost to insult me: *Emily* having made me a present of a purse, I, *naturally*, but perhaps still without *reason*, (who ought always to be at hand to check her wayward sister,) had wished to make *her* some present in return; and because I was far from London, and every other place where a sumptuous present might be purchased, I had begged my sister to let me have back a locket I had given her, with *my hair* in it, very prettily ornamented with pearls.—This present Mr. Mandeville in much form brought back to me; my heart *bumped* as much as ever, though I had become *the Honourable;* he gave it back into my hand, and begged I would on no account give her such a present:—"If you have some paltry thing," says he, "about the worth of her purse, to send back, I'll freely take it, as a present from one play-fellow to another; but as for your *lockets* and *hair*, I must not admit such things."—"My dear Mr. Mandeville," says I, "you shall have what you please, only let me beg, that, if *I* give it to you, you will not

vainly fancy that you have the worth of the purse ;—how much I value it, I neither dare tell *you*, nor any body else :"—he shook me by the hand, and wished me good bye, taking with him a mere fancy seal that I had brought from Scotland.

Any body will suppose that we were now seldom without company ; but the title, I plainly saw, had redoubled all the attacks of the Twist family, so that, at last, I fairly felt it necessary to speak to Mr. Hargrave about it. —As we were riding together, one day,—" I see," says I, " my dear sir, some things daily happen, that I am afraid will some time or other occasion misunderstandings, if not disappointments :—I see that, both at home and at Nicotium Castle, expectations are entertained that I shall one time or other marry Miss Twist ; —my good father, I think, has partly set his heart upon it, but the Twists, I am sure, make certain of it :—it is fit, therefore, I think, that I should openly and explicitly explain to somebody, that *that match* never can take place! Nothing, I think, can ever possibly persuade me to marry a woman so erroneously and so foolishly educated :—of her person I say nothing.—If I could love her, I should not care about the frame her soul happened to be set in,—but I *cannot*.—Her father is to me little less than an object of sovereign contempt, except that I pity him, and therefore would go far to do him any good.—Her mother is a vain, weak, fantastical woman, and after this what can we expect the daughter to be, except indeed, I must observe, that it might be otherwise if Miss Watson had full sway :—then she

might be something; but, with a father and mother so deplorably ignorant, an angel of a governess could do nothing.—I leave it to you, my dear sir, to make this known to my father; and, that I may be as ingenuous as possible, I wish to add, at once, that my heart is otherwise engaged, and I think indelibly so."

Here I stopped;—and Mr. Hargrave stopped also,—his horse I mean, for as yet he had said nothing:—however, after a little recollection, he rode on:—"I have listened," says he, "attentively to all you have said.—Young men and old men see things so differently, that I cannot pretend even to guess what your father will say to this:—I know that he has, as you observe, partly set his mind on your marrying Miss Twist, and every body else, I can safely say, expects it. *You* think otherwise; but it is foolish to fancy, that, though you are heir to a title, three hundred thousand pounds are ignominiously to be rejected.—I know perfectly well that they are at your command.—One word from yourself might for ever *unite* these two *noble* and *contiguous estates*. I am afraid you are weak, though I confess you appear strong. Your mouth speaks wisely, but I fear your heart judges foolishly."—"My dear sir," says I, "say not this till you know more:"—"I *wish* to know more," says he; "I wish to know all—I should wish to know, (but there I am sure I shall be disappointed,) I should wish to know how and where your heart is engaged:"—"Sir," says I, "you shall not be disappointed;—I will tell you fairly and openly;—Miss Mandeville is the person I wish to make my wife, if she will have me:"—"*If she will*

have you!" says Mr. Hargrave.—"I suppose you pretty well know whether she will have you or not!"—"Sir," says I, "I do *not*:—I know no more of Miss Mandeville's private sentiments than yourself; but I *will* marry her if *I can*:"—"You speak boldly, young Gentleman," said Mr. Hargrave; and, I must confess, he appeared angry, which I was sorry for.

For this time we said little:—he seemed to be absorbed in thought;—for my own part, I felt relieved. We returned to the Hall; and every thing seemed, for several days, to proceed as usual.—My father had been obliged to go to London, and of course nothing could be done till his return.—I kept a good deal to myself. Mr. Hargrave often came to me, but always seemed to behave with much reserve: he even ventured, one day, to speak slightingly of the Mandevilles, so as almost to excite my indignation.

At length my father returned from London, and I knew that in a few days every thing would be disclosed:—one, two, three, and four days passed, before I observed the smallest alteration:—on the fifth day, I must confess, I perceived a difference:—my father, at dinner, instead of saying,—"What do you eat, *my dear Bob?*" said, "*Robert*, what do you eat?"—and sometimes (though I think he was absent) called me *sir*. On the sixth day, however, the dreadful business came out;—Mr. and Mrs. Twist called at the Hall; my father sent for me, and I excused myself:—as soon as they were gone, he came up to my room: I saw plainly he was agitated: "I suppose, *sir*," says he, "you think it a trifling thing to make fools

of your parents ;"—" By no means, sir," says I ; " so far from it, that I can solemnly declare, nothing would go nearer to break my heart than to be compelled to do any thing that would really distress either my father or my mother." My father looked rather surprised and overcome, and I really pitied him :—" You know," says he, " *Robert*, how much we have been led to think, and to hope, and expect, that a union would, one time or other, take place between the Twist family and ours : our *estates* are *contiguous :* the *joint property* would be enormous, and no *expense* has been spared upon Miss Twist's education :"—" Sir," says I, " I grant it all ; but I do not like Miss Twist, and my heart is otherwise engaged :"—" *Otherwise engaged !*" says my father ; " that is the worst of it : I might reasonably have indulged you in a choice about Miss Twist, but to have gone and engaged yourself, without consulting me, to *a person quite beneath you*, is such an act of disrespect and disregard, that I cannot overook it ;"—" Sir," says I, " somebody must surely have told you that I have engaged myself to *somebody quite beneath me*, else you would not have said it :"—" Somebody *has* told me so, undoubtedly," says my father, " and I do not scruple to say *who*, because he did not enjoin me to any secrecy ;—Mr. Hargrave it was, who told me that you not only rejected Miss Twist, but that you had engaged your *heart* at least, if not your *hand*, to a *person quite beneath you ;*"—" Sir," says I, " I wonder Mr. Hargrave should say so, but it is difficult to know friends from foes ;"—" Mr. Hargrave," says my father, " cannot reasonably be judged

to be your *foe*, because he has *told* me *the truth*, they *may* be the *best friends* who do *so* at any hazard;"—"Sir," says I, "I should not call Mr. Hargrave my foe, had he merely told you the *truth*; but when I hear that he has told you, that I have fixed my affections on a *person quite beneath me*, I think he has *not* told you the *truth*;"—"That may be, Robert," says my father, "as *you* happen to *think*; a person may appear to Mr. Hargrave quite beneath you, whom you, in the extravagance of a foolish passion, may judge to be your equal:"—"I cannot dispute that, sir," says I, "but still my feelings may be acute upon the subject, and I ought to be forgiven for *fancying*, at least, that the object of my choice is *not* quite beneath me, as you and Mr. Hargrave seem disposed to believe:" "That she is really so," says my father, "I cannot but believe now, more than ever, because, *were it not so*, I think before this you would have been ingenuous enough to have told me who it was:"—"Has not Mr. Hargrave then, sir," says I, "already told you?"—"By no means," says my father: "he has only informed me, (which I fear will go nigh to bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave,) that it is *some* person *quite beneath you*:"—"Then, sir," says I, "if you are really so prepossessed, I almost *feel* as if I should *scorn* to name her:"—"You seem to speak proudly, young man," says my father: my heart, I must confess, was almost breaking all this time; never had my father, since the day of my birth, addressed me in such distant terms: "Sir," says I, "not proudly, but honestly; the woman I have chosen is not, in *my* estimation, quite beneath me; far, very far from

it! and surely I should speak proudly indeed to call her so, if the contrary be the truth:" "But why," says my father, "not boldly name her then at once?"—"Sir," says I, "if you challenge me to speak it boldly, your curiosity shall be satisfied; Miss Mandeville, sir, is the person, and I *now scorn* to *conceal it*:" my father ran to the window, and threw it up; "*Miss Mandeville!*" says he; "Miss Mandeville, sir," says I. He walked up and down the room for some time, and at last, turning to me, "Robert," says he, "these are unpleasant meetings between father and son; and, as neither your feelings nor mine seem to be under due command, we had better converse upon this subject another time:" so saying, he gave me his hand, which I most reverently kissed, pressing it to my bosom: he quickly retired, and left me absorbed in grief

I remained alone in my room nearly an hour: at length somebody knocked at my door; I opened it, and who should be there but Mr. Hargrave! I confess, I shuddered at the sight of a man, who, I thought, had so cruelly betrayed me: says he, "May I come in?"—"Certainly, sir," says I: "I am afraid," says he, "your father and you have had an unpleasant meeting:" "Certainly, sir," says I, "not the more pleasant from some *cruel misrepresentations* that I think have been made to him:"—"I suppose," says Mr. Hargrave, "you mean that I did wrong in speaking of Miss Mandeville as a person quite beneath you;"—"I have no scruple, sir," says I, "to assert that you *did* do wrong, because I avow it to be a gross violation of the truth. Why is a person of such

parentage, and education, and singular worth as Miss Mandeville can boast, to be accounted *beneath any man*, merely because she has not large worldly endowments? I feel, sir, that you have done *me* an *unkindness*, but by *her* you have acted *unjustly*, and therefore *dishonourably:* my heart is full, sir, and for fear I should speak more disrespectfully, I wish you would have the goodness to retire:"—but I could not get him to stir an inch:—on the contrary, he seemed to look at me with a cast of countenance I by no means liked; there was a smile upon his face bordering upon ridicule; I could scarcely command my temper; when at last, to my utter surprise, he took me by the arm; "My young friend," says he, "how can you be so blind?" I knew not what he meant: "Mine," says he, "is a curious situation to stand in; I have discbliged, it appears, both father and son by the same act, for your father has treated me much like yourself; he has equally accused me of deceiving him, and *violating the truth*, by speaking so *contemptuously* of Miss *Mandeville!*"—my heart seemed to revive a little, but I could not yet understand him: "Shall I disclose to you," says he, "the full scope of my intentions?"—"Sir," says I, "for God's sake, do; for my present suspense is beyond every thing painful."

"Then," says he, "listen to me patiently:—I have been long enough at Grumblethorpe to judge of the general aspect of things:—I have long seen that it was your father's wish that you should marry Miss Twist, in order to *unite* two estates lying so *contiguous*, and in order the better to support a title which, he fancies,

is come to him without any additional fortune. I have seen also, of course, that the Twists have all wished it, and, in my estimation, done much to *force* and *compel* the match, without much regard to *your private feelings*:—it has been *my endeavour*, therefore, for some time, while I appeared to favour your father's wishes, (to which I owed every possible respect,) to ascertain, if I could, the exact state of *your own sentiments;* and I at last, as you know, succeeded:—you explicitly told me all I could wish to be made acquainted with:—when I found that *your* views and *your father's* were so different, I confess, it occasioned me no small embarrassment and sorrow,—for I love and esteem you both, to a degree that I shall not attempt to describe:—finding that your affections were really fixed on a person so *truly amiable* and *respectable* as Miss Mandeville, though without *fortune* or *high connexions*, I judged it would be best to awaken your father's fears as much as possible;—even to run the risk of making him suffer real anguish and distress of mind, that, when the actual truth came to be known, instead of being a disappointment, it might, in fact, be a great relief,—and I am truly happy to say, my plans seem to have succeeded;—for, though I still labour under the reproach of both, I am able to assure you, that, after the dreadful suspicions and apprehensions your father had been led to entertain, the name of *Miss Mandeville* has appeared to him like the name of an angel: you, yourself, could not have more warmly resented than *he* has done the slur cast upon her character:—I must now return to *him*, and settle what I have

thus put in train, and shall only stop to communicate one other circumstance, which is this; that while I was at Edinburgh, and particularly during our wintry visit to Aberdeen, I was able to ascertain, beyond all possibility of doubt, that an estate of more than 10,000*l.* *per annum* descends to your father with the title of Kilgarnock; it may cost a lawsuit, if the parties are weak enough to contest it, but I am told they will not, if the papers I have examined and secured are known to be producible:" saying this, he left me, when I threw myself upon the bed, quite exhausted with the conflict I had had to go through; I found means to excuse my appearance at dinner, and heard no more of it till Mr. Hargrave came up to me in the evening.

As soon as he came in, he took me by the hand:—"Now," says he, "my dear boy, if you can succeed with Miss Mandeville, every thing is settled here at home;—your worthy father seems only anxious to repair the injury he fancies he has done to Miss Mandeville, by treating her, though only for a moment, and while he was even ignorant of whom he was speaking, as quite beneath the notice of any man alive; he has commissioned me to-morrow, early, to speak to her father about it; but I do not see, myself, why *you* should not first, in your own person, make known your attachment to *her*; you are both young, and there's no hurry;—if she should not happen to like you after all, she had better be left free to tell you so; as you are quite able to marry her, the consulting her father first would be running a risk, perhaps, of occasioning some other sort of bias;

—and if she should happen not to like you, (which I think is improbable from what I have observed, but if it should be so,) her father may be spared a disappointment, by the business going no further; therefore, if you have no objection, I will propose it to your family, that you shall be at liberty to make your own addresses, and perhaps we may have it in our power to produce another agreeable surprise, when we communicate the matter hereafter to Mr. Mandeville." I quite assented to what he said, continually expressing to him the sense I had of his most friendly interference.

The next morning, when I arose, every thing seemed to smile around me: my father, mother, and sister received me, at breakfast, as though *I* had been *making sacrifices* to oblige *them*, rather than exacting any sacrifices on *their* part to gratify my own wishes: after breakfast, my father took me aside for a few minutes: —"Bob," says he, "I hope we never shall have such another dispute as we had yesterday;—it is not my intention to renew it; but, to satisfy my own feelings, I beg to say, that, sooner than have wilfully spoken with any contempt of Miss Mandeville, I would freely have renounced the gift of speech for ever. Whether you marry her or not, I must explicitly declare, that I most solemnly beg her pardon." My heart was too full to answer:—he told me he believed it would be necessary for him to go into Scotland with Mr. Hargrave, to see after some property, which he was convinced ought to come to him with the title he had inherited, and which might, probably, be recovered:—"I hope," says he, "it will do

you *no harm* to be a little richer hereafter; if I thought it would, I would stay where I am, for '*there is*,' as the wise king of Judah saith, '*a sore evil which I have seen under the sun*,' (and who indeed hath not?) '*namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt.*'" We returned to the breakfast room.

My poor mother would, by this time, I believe, have freely resigned all the Kilgarnock honours and estates, she was so thoroughly disturbed at the thoughts of my father's going into Scotland, and without her: she wished all the old deeds and papers that Mr. Hargrave had poked out of their lurking places, during his abode in Scotland, at the bottom of the sea, or, at best, like the poor *complutensian manuscripts*, (which never will be found again to settle *any disputes*,) sold to a *Rocket-maker*; she threw out many hints, that to go such a long journey upon the mere chance of recovering a disputed inheritance, when perhaps the very fatigues of the journey might prevent one's living to enjoy it, was, at best, a very foolish speculation:—in short, I verily think, that, in her own heart, she would most willingly have relinquished, not only what had already come to us, but every acre of the *Tay-and-Tumble* property, ay,—and the *earldom* itself into the bargain, if it could have been had, sooner than that my father should have slept one night from home; but such a *long* journey without her was beyond every thing dreadful to her feelings: "*inns*," she would say, "*are so different from one's own houses*, and *chambermaids* are so *careless*, and there is such hazard of *damp beds*, and you may have *bad weather*,

and the *North* is so much keener than the *South*, and it is such a *horrible way off*, and if you should be *ill*, who is there to *nurse* you, and how will you *get back*, and there's no *medical* man that you have any *confidence* in, and you may be detained *longer than you expect*, and have great *vexation*, and *not succeed after all*, and so lose all your *labour*, besides the *expense* and *trouble* of your *journey*, and there is such *robbing* on the *road*, and those *footpad fellows* have got so *desperate* and *cruel!*" and thus would she run on, enumerating such an endless catalogue of dreadful contingencies, that, for my own part, I almost wondered that my father had the courage even to think of going; I never, I must confess, in the course of my whole life, saw my mother so nearly in what the world calls a complete fret; but, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, "*Honores* mutant *Mores*;" that is, (*ladies,*) as one of the *Mores* archly replied to one of the *Rutland* family, who had slandered him by an application of the *Latin* to his particular elevation,——"*Honours* change *Manners.*" Till my poor mother became a Peeress, she was the sweetest tempered woman in the world; but this going to look after the *Tay-and-Tumble* property soured her sadly, at least for the time.

I have no manner of doubt, now, but that the very calmest and most dispassionate of my readers is all-impatient to know how I made love to *Emily* after the unqualified permission I had received from *my Lord and Lady Kilgarnock* so to do: but, really and truly, *making love* is such a ridiculous business, *especially where one is actually in earnest*, that, after

writing it all out at length, fact after fact, just as it happened, taking up near forty or fifty pages, I have determined to strike it all out again, and not let you know a word about it; besides, it was all managed so out of the common course of things, that I don't like any body else should learn my way of conducting those matters; for, if a *clodpole* could succeed so well with it, what would the *artful* and *designing* make of it? I think I have done very handsomely to let you know so much about my *bumpings*, while the matter hung in suspense; I do not believe one lover out of a hundred would so plainly have confessed to you what odd feelings love produces.—I have no objection to tell you how it was all discovered to Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville, but first I must advert to other things.

Mrs. and Miss Twist were for ever calling, you may be sure, after the arrival of the title, not to ask where it *came from*, so much as to take care where it should *go to*; and I think it would have done any body's heart good to have heard how Mrs. Twist did *beladyship* my poor mother: the *Honourable Bob* had now received full permission to be as little in this particular company as his *Bobship*, in his discretion, should choose; so that, as far as the common rules of civility would admit, I generally got out of their way: I had, to the best of my abilities, so invariably *slighted*, rather than *encouraged*, the advances of both mother and daughter, that I felt no hesitation about the conduct I was pursuing: sundry engagements were proposed, but all in vain: my mother indeed had a fair excuse for declining them

while my father's journey to Scotland was in agitation.

In the mean time, my visits to the *Vicarage* were frequent; *how* frequent I won't tell you, for, if I should, you will find out how long I was in gaining *Emily's* heart, which is a thing I don't want any body to know; for, if it should seem to have been a very long job, you will think *I* was dull and stupid; and if it should turn out to have been a very short job, people that don't know my *dear Emily* may fancy *she* was too willing and forward: however, I believe I promised to tell you how the whole business was made known to Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville, and so now you shall have it.

One day in the month of February, (*not far from the fourteenth,*) Mr. Hargrave and myself called at the *Vicarage*, and found upon the table a heap of *painted Valentines*, which had been given to the young folks to send to their cousins, &c.—They were covered, as you may well suppose, with *hearts*, and *darts*, and *Cupids*, and *true-lovers'-knots*, and, spite of one's teeth, brought love into one's mind: Mr. Hargrave had much to say upon the subject, and filled up many of the papers for them with abundance of ludicrous verses, all in the true cant style of those elegant compositions, such as,

"Haste, my Love, and come away;
This is Hymen's holiday."

"'Tis yours this present to improve,
Its worth depends on you:
A trifle if you do not love,
A treasure if you do."

Which, by the bye, is almost pretty enough to send to any body, though it has been so hacked about; but this don't signify; I had got nothing but *Valentine and love* in my head when I came away from the house, but, as *I never had a spark of fun in me*, I could do nothing but write *very gravely* upon it. On the morning of the fourteenth I found means (mind, I don't tell you how, but I found means I say) to have the following lines laid upon Emily's pillow: if any body should say, close to her damask cheek, I can't help it: as I had a pretty knack at drawing, I ornamented it with a rich wreath of *roses*, *entwined* with certain *other flowers*, famed for their close connexion with such exploits, such as *love* and *idleness*, *heart's ease*, *ladder to heaven*, *lords and ladies*, *love in a mist*, *none so pretty*, *true love of Canada*, and *bachelor's buttons*;—I would have every body begin to cry, the lines are so truly pathetic: if they don't serve to convince you that I was sincerely and deeply in love, you have no feeling at all; you are *a block of marble*, and have no business to read them.

I dare say you'll think they'll never come;—well, here they are then:—

What is a Valentine?—Amelia!—say;
Is it a *lover* of a *single day?*
Is it a *trifler*, who with *flame* and *dart*,
Of *painted paper*, seeks to win your heart?
Is it the favourite of a *morning glance*,
Met with by accident, and seen by chance?
If so, *I* am not one to serve your turn;
With no *false* flames or ardour do *I* burn!
In no *fictitious* sorrows do *I* deal,
It is no *plaything* passion that *I* feel!

Device I've none, *my* tenderness to prove;
Without *Device*, in sober truth, *I* love!
In short, though much I wish that I were *thine*,
I *cannot* wish to be your *Valentine*:
To *love* and *be beloved* for *one short day!*
I will be YOURS *for ever!*—if I may!—

Now, let the verses be bad or good, it plainly amounts to a regular offer; I don't believe that any of the lines are an inch too long or too short; but, if they were, it would be wicked to alter them, for they are *really genuine*; they came, besides, from the *heart*, *not the head*, and the heart won't be put out of its way by your *dactyles* and *spondees*;—besides, it *did the business*, and that's *enough*; for, as soon as ever the breakfast at the *Vicarage* was over, up comes Mr. Mandeville again, not to *me*, but to *Mr. Hargrave*.

"Mr. Hargrave," says he, "I *must desire* that you will, as soon as possible, interfere to put an end to these things. It is not long since I endeavoured, myself, to hint, as plainly as I could, to *Mr. Dermont*, that I could not suffer my daughter to receive any attention from him beyond such as might pass between two old play-mates: I trust it is an act of indiscretion only, and therefore I beg of *you*, peremptorily, to put a stop to it;—*Emily* is a good girl, and I don't like that she should be made to fall into a mistake that may be fatal to her happiness;—she is very young, and cannot be supposed to know, so well as I do, how impossible it is that *she* should ever become the *wife* of *Mr. Dermont*;—it is *my* business, therefore, to *protect her*;—I beg you will return this copy of verses to Mr. Dermont, and tell him how sorry

I should be to forbid him coming to a house, which, on every other account, ought to be *most open* to him. Mrs. Mandeville is quite as much distressed about it as myself, and therefore it must be put an end to."—"I will certainly do it," says Mr. Hargrave, "if *you* desire it;"—"*I do desire it most earnestly*," says Mr. Mandeville; "*only* put yourself in *my* situation, Mr. Hargrave, and I am sure you will see the propriety of my conduct:"—"My dear sir," says Mr. Hargrave, "you have fallen upon the only difficulty that embarrasses me; I *do* put myself in your situation so completely that I scarce know why I am to act as you tell me. Being of the same profession, I must have some feelings in common with you, of course. I am not married, to be sure, nor am I a father; but, upon *such* an occasion, I cannot help *fancying* that I am *both*;—and therefore, though I promise to do what you desire, if you urge it, yet I confess that I think Mr. Dermont is almost old enough to judge for himself, and, I hope, wise enough to judge discreetly, even in a concern where many certainly do blunder and mistake;—I feel for *him*, certainly, but I can feel for others too; and I will frankly declare, that, if *I* were the *father* of a daughter as beautiful, and (*what is ten thousand times more*) as virtuous, and as well brought up, as *yours*, I should think her worthy of the *greatest man in the realm*, if *he chose* to fix his affections upon her:"—"This may all appear very kind, Mr. Hargrave," says Mr. Mandeville, "and very complimentary, but I am not such an idiot as to fancy we live in a golden age;—when *virtue* and *goodness* are to

be reckoned of so great account as *wealth* or *family*;—if you will produce me a *single instance* of a poor, but very virtuous woman, or of a poor, but very worthy man, without great connexions, being very cordially received into *any noble family*, then I should be more easy; because I have no hesitation in saying, that I firmly believe that, if any individuals of the nobility are capable of *such true greatness*, Lord and Lady Kilgarnock are the very persons;—but, since the current of things, in general, is so contrary, I will not do *them* so great an *unkindness* as to expect it of them;—I had rather run *no risk*;—I wish Mr. Dermont happy, but I will not have my daughter exposed to the chance of being *rejected*, besides other disappointments."

"Lord Kilgarnock," says Mr. Hargrave, "has really a high opinion of your daughter, Mr. Mandeville;"—"Sir," says Mr. Mandeville, "it *cannot be otherwise*, if *he* knew her only half so well as *I* do; but Lord Kilgarnock *knows better* than to choose *her* for a *wife* for *his son!*"—"I see," says Mr. Hargrave, "it is vain to argue the matter with you, Mr. Mandeville, and that I must really be under the necessity of returning this paper to Mr. Dermont, though I know I shall run the risk of disturbing him greatly in doing so;"—"If, sir," says Mr. Mandeville, (with much warmth,) '*you* are *so afraid* of disturbing his feelings, give it back to *me*, and *I* will put it into his *own* hands, to be sure of it:"—"You mistake me, sir," says Mr. Hargrave; "I think Mr. Dermont is *really* and *sincerely* attached to your daughter, and that this paper contains *no*

untruth;"—"Then, Mr. Hargrave," says Mr. Mandeville, "if that be so, it behoves you the more to interpose, to save *your pupil* from a disappointment, as well as *my child* from what may be still worse:"—"I see, sir," says Mr. Hargrave, "you are getting extremely warm, and I will argue with you no longer;—I can only say, *I will not* return this paper to *Mr. Dermont*;—he sent it to Miss Mandeville, and it is therefore *hers*:—but you tell me, Mr. Mandeville, that *Mrs. Mandeville* suffers much about it; pray then, sir, present my compliments to *her*, and tell *her*, that, if *she* can but bring herself to *consent* to its being a match, *I* have fully secured that of *Lord and Lady Kilgarnock*;—you asked me, Mr. Mandeville, to produce but *one* instance of a *poor* (I mean unendowed) but *virtuous young woman*, without *high* connexions, being cordially received into a *noble* family, and I now produce *one*:—Lord and Lady Kilgarnock, so far from being *averse* from this match, would *resent nothing more* than to be thought insensible of *Miss Mandeville's worth*;—you are now caught in your own trap;—you cannot now refuse to return *this* paper to *Miss Mandeville*; I think she *values* it;—if she really *does not*, then *I will promise you* to take it *back*; but, if she *does*, the business is settled, and I am proud and happy to tell you so."—Mr. Mandeville was greatly surprised, and not very capable of answering, which Mr. Hargrave perceiving,—"I wish," says he, "you would let me call upon you this evening, and I will talk to you more upon the subject;—at present, only deliver my message to *Mrs. Mandeville*."—So saying, (as he told me himself,)

he almost pushed Mr. Mandeville out of the house.—In the evening he took care to go there in good time, and every thing was settled. —The next morning, as soon as my mother knew what had passed, she drove to the *Vicarage*, and had a long conversation with Mrs. Mandeville, much to the satisfaction, I verily believe, of *all* parties.

But, as it was now almost necessary to make the matter known, for fear the Twists should bewilder themselves too much, it became a great debate among us how it should be made known, *particularly* and *immediately*, as it were, to *them:* after various debates about it, in which my father proposed about ten different expedients, my mother, sister, and myself, probably, as many, severally and respectively, we *ventured* to mention it to *Mr. Hargrave;* "My stars!" says he, "how can you have *any difficulty* about it? I'll manage it directly!" so he took his hat, and went straight to Mrs. Fidget; he pretended to be merely paying one of those delightful *debts* called a *morning visit*,—and in the *course of conversation*, as it were, introduced the subject, as follows: "I suppose you have heard the report that is about the country,"—"Report of *what?*" says Mrs. Fidget: "I am sorry for poor Miss Twist," says he; "*Miss Twist*," says Mrs. Fidget, "what of *her?*"—"Upon my word," says Mr. Hargrave, "I ought not to have mentioned her name; I cannot think how I came to mention it,—pray *don't say a word* about *Miss Twist*, only I thought it *might* concern *her:*"—"*What* might concern *her?*" says Mrs. Fidget. "The report, I mean," says Mr. Hargrave; "*What re-*

port?" says Mrs. Fidget. "Why, that Mr. Robert Dermont is going to marry Miss Mandeville;"—"*Miss Mandeville!!!*" exclaimed Mrs. Fidget, and, as I am told, she lifted up her eyes and her hands so high that they had like to have stuck there, and never come down again; "Miss Mandeville!!!" she repeated; "Yes, *Miss Mandeville*," says Mr. Hargrave; "but pray *don't tell* the *Twists*:"—"*Not I*," says Mrs. Fidget; "*I would not tell them for the world*:"—"No, pray don't *tell them*," says Mr. Hargrave; "I quite dread *their* hearing of it; it would be quite *cruel* and *unkind* to acquaint them with it at all abruptly, for I am confident they thoroughly expected him to marry *Miss Twist*;"—"Made *quite certain* of it, you may depend upon it," says Mrs. Fidget, with no small agitation; "*Therefore*." says Mr. Hargrave, "they will, I fear, be sadly disappointed. and I should be sorry to be the first person to have even to hint it to them:"—"To be sure," says Mrs. Fidget, "*they will be finely disappointed indeed!* I can't guess how they'll *bear* it; I *pity* those who will have *to* communicate it to them *first*, especially to *Mrs.* Twist, whose temper (*between friends*) is not the most governable one in the world; how she will conduct herself upon the occasion I have no idea." "I suppose, however, it won't be long," says Mr. Hargrave, "before they *do* hear of it; for, though *you* and *I* could not *find a heart* to tell them, *Mrs. Fidget*, yet, I dare say, you know there are *kind neighbours enough* to be found, who will communicate it in all its circumstances as soon as they hear it."—"True, indeed," says Mrs. Fidget; "a secret of that nature is not

long in travelling round a *neighbourhood.*" But she now began to be so restless, and so incapable of sitting still any longer, that Mr. Hargrave prepared to take his leave: "Pray remember," says he, "my dear Madam, not to say a word about it to the *Twists.*" Mrs. Fidget called for her *cloak:* "Pray let *us*, at least, keep the secret from *them* as long as we can." Mrs. Fidget was very impatient for her *bonnet* and *gloves:* "I should not, however, wonder if they knew it by this time," says Mr. Hargrave, as he was parting from her, which so quickened the *valedictions* of Mrs. Fidget, that, had she abruptly turned him out of the house, she could not well have more visibly shown how much she wished him to be gone: at last they separated; but scarcely had Mr. Hargrave reached the first stile, when, upon turning round, (not altogether by accident, and undesignedly, but through a certain *presentiment* which the reader probably anticipates,) he saw Mrs. Fidget walking very much quicker than usual, and much beyond her natural strength, in *the direction, as straight as a line could be drawn*, towards *Nicotium Castle*, where she arrived, ready to drop, just about the time that Mr. Hargrave returned to the Hall.

From the report that she very soon afterwards made of her visit, (for, when done, nothing could exceed her care to have it universally known that *she* was the very identical person that *first* told the Twists *the secret* that so nearly touched them,) from *her* report, I say, it appeared that *Miss* Twist seemed little affected by it, but that *Mrs.* Twist had so little command of herself, that the moment she heard

it she exclaimed, with something very like an oath,—"Then, Ma'am, if it be so, Mr. Dermont richly deserves to be hanged!" *Thinks-I-to-myself*, when I heard it, no doubt, quite as much as Tom Dash himself, who shot the father of nine children for refusing to drink a profane toast! however, the fact really was,—that Mrs. Twist undoubtedly felt, in her own mind, that *I* thoroughly *did* deserve to be *hanged:* not that she had a word more to allege against me (though all her neighbours, of course, were inquiring about it from morning to night) beyond her own *fancies* and *suspicions*. "What! did not he make a formal offer to her?" says one. "Didn't he make her a solemn promise?" says another. "Didn't he apply for a special license?" says a third. "Were not the wedding clothes ordered?" says a fourth. "No, indeed," says Mrs. Twist, "he made *no* offer, *no* promise, he applied for *no* license, he ordered *no* clothes, but *yet he richly deserves to be hanged for all that;* though, indeed, (she would generally add,) I am by *no* means *sure* that Mr. Twist would have *allowed* him to marry *our* daughter, if he *had* made an offer; for he is but a mean-looking youth after all, though he is to be a lord, and his *title*, when it comes to him, is but a *Scotch* one, and of the lowest degree of all, as I have been told, and Mr. Twist, I know, is *resolved*, in his own mind, never to let Grizilda marry below *such a Lord as* will make *our* grand-daughters *ladies!*"

"I wonder," *says Mrs. Fidget*, (I heard this from another of her neighbours, who promised not to say a word about it,) "I wonder," says

she, "Mrs. Twist, that *you* can call him '*a mean looking youth*;' *I* have *always* particularly thought, *myself*, that, independent of his title, his *person* and *talents* were quite sufficient to recommend him to any young woman, rich or poor, noble or ignoble: besides, the *estates* are so *contiguous*, that no match could have been so suitable and desirable, it must be confessed; and, as for his *barony*, he might easily, with such a fortune as they would have had together, have been made an *Earl*, or a *Marquis*, or perhaps a *Duke!* Who knows? I was *sadly afraid* it would *vex* you, and therefore was *very loath* to come and tell you; only I thought you would rather hear it first from a *friend*, than from any more indifferent person; if it were at all a doubtful matter, if there were still the *least chance* of his marrying *your daughter*, I should have waited *patiently*, and on *no account* have run the risk of disturbing your feelings unnecessarily; but I had it from the very first authority, from Mr. Hargrave himself, indeed, who came to me so full of it, and seemed to *pity poor Miss Twist* so much, that he could talk of nothing else all the while he was with me."

"*Pity poor Miss Twist*, indeed," says Mrs. Twist!!! "I *do beg* and *entreat* that he *will* keep his pity to himself; *pity* Miss Twist! pity *our* daughter!! pity the heiress of these wide domains, because she is not to marry a poor Scotch baron!! poor I may well call him, for I am told he gets nothing with his title but his great grandfather's picture and a family watch; *pity poor Miss Twist, indeed!!* I wonder, Mrs. Fidget, you could suffer such a low

fellow to talk so in your presence."—"Indeed, my dear madam," rejoins Mrs. Fidget, "I did not feel inclined to stop him, because he seemed truly and most sincerely to feel for the cruel *disappointment your* daughter (as he thought) was about to suffer; *else, indeed*, I should have thought it impertinent, as you say, for such a low man to have pretended to pity your daughter: for, though I believe him to be a good man in his way, every body knows, undoubtedly, that some of his ancestors were no better than dealers in *drugs*, that is, in *snuff* or *tobacco*, or some such filth!"

Thus did these two *amiable* ladies, as I am informed, conduct themselves towards each other, upon this memorable occasion. Mrs. Fidget never rested talking about it till it was known all over the country; and the more Mrs. Twist *scorned to be pitied*, the more Mrs. Fidget *insisted* upon *feeling* for her.

Miss Mandeville was now a frequent guest at the Hall, and my father and mother seemed to get every day more fond of her. Captain Charleville was also continually with us, so that we made a large family party. My father's journey to Scotland, however, seemed to become every day more inevitable, so that my poor mother was very low, and little capable of enjoying herself so much as would otherwise have been the case.

Mr. Twist appeared to be too much engrossed with his dogs and horses to care much about the business. On *one* account he was rather glad than sorry at the course of things; namely, because it produced a greater shyness than ever between his family and the Mande-

villes, so as to render it *highly reasonable*, in *his* opinion, that he should *totally* and *entirely give up* going to *church*, which he had certainly *never* done *hitherto*, except as a sort of compliment and condescension to the *family at the Vicarage;* he now easily determined, in his own mind, that his visits *there* might be *altogether dispensed with*, and that henceforth, without the smallest let or hinderance, Sunday might be quite as much *his own* as any other day in the week:—this gave him great content:—"Bob Dermont may have all the sermonizing and psalm-singing to himself, *now*," says he, "for me; I'll let him my whole pew for sixpence a year, and give him all the prayer-books and *hassocks* into the bargain;—they are none of your *old*, *rotten*, *indented*, *wormeaten* commodities, I promise you; but all as good as new, though they have been there these ten years; knee never touched one of them yet, to the best of my knowledge, saving and excepting, perhaps, *Saint Watson's*;"—(meaning the Governess:) and I fancy, indeed, Mr. Twist was perfectly correct; for the truth is, they generally sat close up in the different corners of the pew, engaged in reading novels, sleeping, or making fun of all that was going forward; I must say, however, they had the *decency* to sit up *so* close in the corners, that nobody could see what they were about; neither the *parson*, nor the *clerk*, nor the *churchwardens*, nor the *sexton*, nor one of the *singers*, nor any of the people up in the *gallery;* in fact, *only* God Almighty!!! *Thinks-I-to-myself*, *possibly*, He saw them all the while; *in* the church, and *out of* the church, most likely;

in the *corners* of said pew, as much as in the very middle of it!

Twist's common practice was, to *keep Sunday* for *travelling*. The road on *that* day, he would say, was so unencumbered with *carts* and *waggons*, that he was determined *never* to *journey* on any other day in the week but *that*, if he could possibly help it; and surely he was right; for, certainly, waggons and carts, with the dust they make in summer, and the splashing they make in winter, and the certainty of being always in the way, whether you meet them or come behind them, are most intolerable nuisances; you may say what you will of their *utility* in carrying *corn*, or *hay*, or *turnips*, or *carrots*, into the metropolis, or bringing manure out of it; but it cannot be denied, that, to *such* travellers as *Twist*, they are shocking impediments: and I must take upon me to say, that any *nobleman* or *gentleman*, who is as *rich* as Twist, and has as much command of his time, and as much *courage*, cannot do better than adopt his plan: *double turnpikes* need not stop such travellers: I confess, I know nothing that can render it *at all* objectionable, except the FOURTH COMMANDMENT: *that*, I very well know, bids us to "keep *holy* the Sabbath day," and not only to do no manner of work in it ourselves, but not to let our sons, or our daughters, or our man-servants, or maid-servants, do any: no, nor our cattle, or even the stranger that happens to be within our gates; but, since *travelling* implies, in the very definition of the word, a quitting of *home*, and, of course, all the *relations* above enumerated, whether the commandment *can possibly* be intended to *prevent* our *compel-*

ting, or *bribing*, or *seducing other people's sons* and *daughters*, *men-servants* and *maid-servants*, *cattle*, and *strangers*, to work on the Sabbath day, to do *any* manner of work that the rich may choose to call upon them to do, I leave to be settled and determined by all those who may *wish* and *desire* to avail themselves of the convenience of an unencumbered road. I confess, I have often considered the point myself, and shall candidly confess, that I think NOT! indeed, I am so much persuaded of this, that, rich as I now am, I actually never *dare* to travel on a *Sunday*, except in a case of absolute and indispensable *necessity*;—so far, I must confess, our neighbour Twist was a man of more *spirit* and *resolution* than either *my father* or *myself*;—he did not seem to care a fig for the fourth commandment, and therefore stood upon no sort of ceremony about violating it, not only by encouraging and promoting all the unhallowed work I speak of, robbing and depriving men, cattle, and strangers, of the rest God would have given them, but by keeping the Sabbath as UN-holy as he *could* keep it, and tempting and forcing others continually to do the same.

There was another thing of which Twist was exceedingly fond:—I mean *betting* upon all sorts of events:—I have already mentioned his bet with Lord ———, on Bob Gubbins and Big Beelzebub:—if any body had but offered him the wager, he would have *betted*, I make no doubt, that he would find "*a camel*" that would "*go through the eye of a needle*;"—and indeed I wonder, that, among the many bets sought out and invented by the sporting and gambling speculators of the day, *this* has never

been attempted ;—for, should it *ever* be attended with *success*, (the *torture* and *agonies* of the *squeezed camel* need *never* stand in the way!) it would seem to follow, as a matter of course, that it would be quite as feasible for such sort of "*rich*" fellows as Twist and his associates to get to heaven; which, I am afraid, will continue as problematical as ever, if things happen to proceed just as they now do.

Of matches *against time*, also, (as they are called,) Twist was equally fond.—Now these are, comparatively, well enough ;—because. though perhaps in the course of every year a number of useful and innocent animals may get harassed and tormented out of their lives, yet there is no difficulty in determining who *wins* and who *loses ;*—but matches against ETERNITY (by which I understand all matches, that *may*, on account of the *cruelty*, *profligacy*, or *folly*, attending them, be taken account of HEREAFTER) are certainly very silly; because, for what we can ever know in this mortal stage of our lives, the greatest *winner* may be the greatest *loser after all!* Twist, himself, absolutely killed two beautiful (and *favourite*) ponies at this very work, and yet he thought he *won ;*—but, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, *perhaps*, after all, he *lost ;* for "*the race is not always to the swift :*"—"there is a *time* to *get*, and a *time* to *lose ;*"—"the *merciful man* doeth good to his own soul, but he that is *cruel* troubleth his own flesh."

I am willing, however, to hope and believe, that Twist was not, in his heart, a *professed gambler*. A certain degree of self-delusion hid from his view both the profligacy and dan-

ger of most of his occupations and pursuits; but I am rather anxious to record it of him, that he was not, as I said before, a *professed gamester*. He would take a bet when offered, and he would play with those who were *accustomed* to play; but he did not go out of his way to *seduce* the *young* and *unsuspecting*; to take advantage of the *ignorant* and *unskilful*; he did not go the length of wantonly *making havoc of the peace of families*—"wringing the heart of the fond wife, the helpless orphan, the aged parent, by effecting the rapid and instantaneous ruin of those to whom they looked for support and comfort." He was not such a VILLAIN as THIS amounts to. I have, on the contrary, more than once heard him declare, that he would go far to save any *youth* from the *snares* that are *laid for them* at a *gaming-table*, and to prevent their taking the *first step* into that gulf of *horror* and *despair*. A professed and systematic gambler he ever regarded as a wretch too base to be entitled to the common rights and privileges of society; he knew, indeed, much of their disgraceful and pernicious habits and practices, having himself nearly fallen a victim to their treacherous, seductive, and base arts in his early days; a circumstance which always appeared to have made a particular impression on his mind, and which, though it had not the happy effect of turning him away entirely from such irrational and hazardous pursuits, yet made him occasionally feel, and even tremble, for *others*, who were not in the way to know (what *he knew*) of the *barbarous deceptions*, *low cunning*, and *base designs* of habitual gamesters, and how

liable the *young*, the *ignorant*, and the *unwary* are to be drawn into that sad vortex of dissipation and ruin. What a pity that he could not have gone a few steps farther, and seen the folly and corrupt tendency of his own mode of life, and that of most of his associates; for *bad example* may, and often does, as effectually and as fatally take the *young* and *unwary* by surprise, as the most premeditated *design*, or the most studied *dissimulation*.

My father and Mr. Hargrave were now very soon to set off for Scotland, to the great concern and regret of all the party :—no little boy, going to school for the first time, could have had more admonitions given him, by his mother, than my father received from mine, as the time for his departure approached; I had had a spice of the same myself, when I went into the same remote country;—numberless were the expedients, endeavoured to be impressed upon his memory, how to ascertain to a certainty, at every inn, whether the *bedding* or *sheets* were *damp;—purses* were regularly and systematically made up for *highwaymen*, for fear he should get shot, through any delay in the delivery of what *they* might be *pleased* to ask for;—and the strongest entreaties were made use of to prevent his ever attempting to *defend himself*, in case he should be attacked, for fear it *might* be *misconstrued* into *wilful resistance;*—with a view to which, his pistols, which had been ordered to be got ready, were put back again a thousand times, my mother never being able to settle, in her own mind, whether, in *such rencontres*, the *defence* or *exposure* of one's person were most secure.

But the medicine chest, with which he was provided, was the most curious. My father hated physic,—as well the use as the taste of it;—he generally enjoyed an excellent state of health, and scarce knew the name of one of the diseases with which the bulk of mankind are tormented;—but the medicine chest, which my mother's extreme care and anxiety had induced her to prepare for the occasion, would have led any one to think he was subject to all the maladies under the sun: as the gout had *once* been in his family, *according to tradition*, there was one whole compartment filled with medicines to cure that complaint, in case *he should have it*, and another with medicines to *bring* the gout, in case he should seem to *want it*, and have it *not*:—there was laudanum to put him to sleep, and emetics and stimulants to relieve and awaken him, in case he should happen to take too much, and sleep too long; there was abundance of *nostrums* to keep off infection, and just as many to cure it, in case it could not be kept off; many *cooling* preparations were added, for fear he should ever be *over-heated*, and the like proportion of *cordials*, and *carminatives*, in case he should ever suffer from *cold*;—every powder, and packet, and bottle, and box, besides, being regularly labelled, and marked inside and out, in a hand the most legible, for fear of any perplexity or mistake in the administration of the several remedies,—but MY mother was not like other mothers or other wives; such maternal and conjugal feelings as hers are now so out of vogue, that I expect no credit for what I have related;—yet so it was. At last the day

came for their departure, and the heart-breaking separation took place.

Mrs. Mandeville was a great comfort to my mother during my father's absence, the more so, undoubtedly, from the new situation in which they stood connected with each other; —but she was certainly a most sensible and amiable woman, very different from most of our other neighbours.

In the mean while, Mrs. Fidget did all she could to set *us* against the *Twists*, as she had previously done all she could to set *them* against *us:* and this upon the avowed pretence of being the *particular friend* of both parties:—whatever Mrs. Twist, in her disappointment, happened to utter against *us*, Mrs. Fidget, out of her *extreme friendship* and *regard*, took care to repeat at Grumblethorpe as quick as she could; and every thing she saw passing at Grumblethorpe, that she thought could at all tend to revive or aggravate Mrs. Twist's disappointment, she was just as careful to make known as speedily as possible at Nicotium Castle:—"I suppose you have heard what Mrs. Twist says," was the general bent of her conversation with *us*, and, "What a deal of love-making there is at the Hall," her continual remark at Nicotium Castle.

I cannot help mentioning these things, because *this* sort of character is so extremely *rare* and *uncommon:* in the whole circle of your acquaintance, gentle reader, in town or country, in public or in private, I don't suppose you *ever* met with *such a woman* as Mrs. Fidget! her delight was to go from one house to another among her neighbours, purposely

to report, and communicate, at each, whatever she knew to be most likely to occasion distress and vexation; and, if there were a chance of any shyness or open rupture between any two parties ensuing from it, so much the better for Mrs. Fidget. There was nothing too bad for her thus to convey from one neighbour to another. The worse, indeed, it was, so much the better for her: she seemed, indeed, to be constantly making experiments how far *one person* could bear to be told that *another person* thought her a *fool*, or a *devil*, or *old*, or *ugly*, or *mad*, or *proud*, or *peevish*, or *covetous*, or *artful*, or *hypocritical:* though she was careful enough to varnish over the communication of any such pleasant piece of news with a certain affected laugh, which, though it might be *intended* to express *her* particular *dissent*, said, as plainly as possible,—"*And sure enough I think it true!*"

It was thus, in this *light, airy* sort of way, that is, that I was first made acquainted with the reflection cast upon my Honourable *person* by Mrs. Twist, and to which I have before alluded:—"I suppose you know, Mr. Dermont," says she, "what Mrs. Twist calls you;—I suppose you know that she thinks you a '*mean-looking youth;*' ha, ha, ha, he, he, he,—a *mean-looking youth*, indeed! and '*poor into the bargain.*'—she says, 'you are to get nothing with your title but your great grandfather's portrait and a family watch;'—but did you hear what she says of Miss Mandeville, too?—she says, she looks, for all the world, like a lump of snow; or a *rice-dumpling*, without any *sweet-meat* in *it; ha, ha, ha,*" &c.

I could mention a hundred other things to

the same effect, in which the malice and ill-nature of this *neighbourly friend*, and *friendly neighbour*, were equally conspicuous; but, really, such a character is so very *outré*, so *entirely out* of the *common course of things*, so perfectly *contrary* to one's ordinary *experience* of *the ways of the world*, that I could not expect to be credited on my bare word, nay, surely not on my oath:—Who could possibly believe me, if I were to assert it ever so much, that Mrs. Fidget, after trying all she could to set us against Mrs. Twist, could take the trouble of going expressly to Nicotium Castle merely to tell the latter how much she was *surprised* and *grieved* to find that *she* (Mrs. Twist) was not so great a favourite at Grumblethorpe Hall as heretofore! I say, gentle reader, could you, from *your knowledge of the world*, and *experience* of *human conduct*, ever believe that *any such malicious creature* as Mrs. Fidget *could exist?* and yet I declare I know this to be the fact; nay, and that she would have been very much *hurt* if any body had been *beforehand* with her; that is, had got the start of her in communicating this *friendly* and most *agreeable* piece of intelligence.

Three days after my father had quitted us, my poor mother was made superlatively happy by receiving a letter from him to inform her, that he believed he should not have occasion to go farther than London, for that his lawyer had had a letter from the parties in Scotland, to say, that, in consequence of the information communicated to them, they should not attempt to contest the point; that the documents that had been dis-

covered were, in all likelihood, too clear to be set aside, and therefore that they were willing to have it settled by reference to counsel in London. The case was accordingly submitted to certain persons of the greatest eminence in Westminster Hall, and speedily determined, without a dissentient voice, in our favour.—In less than a fortnight, therefore, my father returned 10,000*l.* per annum richer than when he went from us.

It was *well* bestowed; for he was a most munificent, benevolent, charitable man: if a fellow-creature stood in need of assistance, his purse was open; he gave freely to the grateful and the ungrateful; for, I am sorry to say, there were many of the latter among those he benefited:—the poor, in general, were extremely unthankful:—they would receive his bounty; courtesy, and bow, and thank him when they met him, but always covet more, and do him damage without compunction or remorse:—he knew it as well as I do; but still he *would give;* for, he would say, they know no better; they have not been educated as we have been:—give, and it shall be given you again;—if not by those you serve, yet by God Almighty, which is far better security.

It will be easily supposed that, occasionally, we had among ourselves much conversation and consultation about the approaching nuptials, both of myself and my sister:—all which being matter of mere private concern and arrangement, I certainly need not trouble the reader with it:—there were many other things also to be thought of;—I was not far now from being of age;—don't stare, gentle reader;—I say I

was now nearly of age:—"*Tempus fugit*," you know; or, in plain English, Time flies! you may think what you please about the length of time most accordant with the order of events, as they seem to stand *in this narrative*, but I am almost positive, that I must have been nearly of age, or, if not, that there is no great harm done by *pretending* to be so:—you will remember that I have never once told you how old I was at the beginning of this book, when Mrs. *Fidget* and the *pug-dogs* paid their *first* visit at *Grumblethorpe-Hall*, so that of course you don't know how old I was when I went to Scotland: nor can you tell exactly how long I was upon the road thither, taking in the excursion to the Lakes; then I remained in Scotland, if you recollect, full two years, as I took particular care to tell you, and returned from Scotland rather slowly: then, as to the time expended in *making love* to *Emily*, after I had permission to do so, its exact duration has been purposely kept secret from you, so that I am well assured that, let your critical acumen be what it may, you have no fair right to dispute my being now nearly of age.

As a most amazing entertainment was intended to be given at the era of this joyous event, my father conceived that it would be well, if possible, to bring the two jubilees together; or, as Mrs. Fidget would say, to "kill two or three birds with one stone;" that is, that I should be married about that time; either a little before, or a little after;—and, if Captain Charleville and my sister should choose to avail themselves of the same opportunity, they were welcome to do it;—thus the

whole business might rather resemble the rich *Camacho's* wedding in *Don Quixotte*, where *Sancho Panza* ladled up, if you remember, *whole ducks*, and *chickens*, and *sucking pigs* at every dip into the *pot!* and now I speak of *Sancho Panza*, my heart almost aches to think I could not invite him to my wedding;—how delighted I should have been to have seen him there;—how I would have stuffed him, his body and his wallets too, with rarities and dainties, and all kind of choice things!—but enough of this.

My coming of age led also to other things. The title and estate, that had come to my father, had given him an influence in some of the Scotch boroughs; and he expressed to me his wish that I should be in Parliament:—*Clodpole in Parliament!—Thinks-I-to-myself*, was ever such a thing heard of as a Clodpole in Parliament!!—I actually did not reckon myself quite fit for it, and even ventured one day to tell my father so:—"*Not fit* for it!" says he; "surely you are as fit as *this*, and *that*, and *t'other*," whom he ran over with such a volubility of reckoning, through the A's and B's and C's, quite down to *Izzard*, (I know not how many he enumerated,) ending, unfortunately, with two or three of the *Whip* Club. against whom he had a particular spite;—"Surely, my boy," says my father, "*you* are as fit to be in Parliament as *such fellows as those!*" I was always sorry, I confess, to hear him say so of the Whip Club; because it was one of the few prejudices he had that could be said to be at all unreasonable; for I could never possibly agree with him about that particular association of GENTLE-

MEN;—I always supposed that it must be altogether impossible for any body to see those illustrious personages quit the metropolis in the way they are accustomed to do, at BROAD DAY, BAROUCHE after BAROUCHE, accoutred as EXACTLY as possible like MAIL-COACH-MEN, DRIVING THEIR OWN SERVANTS, &c. &c. &c. —But they must be tempted to *think*, at least, if not to *say* to *themselves*, (as I generally do,) what *useful*, what *wise*, what *valuable*, what *important*, what *dignified* members of the STATE!!!!!

And now I am upon this most interesting subject, I cannot help adding, that I still more admire the TANDEM Club, because those gentlemen must of necessity be better coachmen than any of the rest:—the *four* horses of a Barouche are so harnessed and hooked together, that in a great measure they take care one of another, (if, indeed, they should all four happen to agree to run away at once, mercy upon all behind them! not to mention all before them—) but in a *tandem* I see nothing to induce the leader to keep his course straight forward but an address, on the part of the charioteer, as nearly as can be supernatural: for, if the fore-horse chooses to go to the right or the left *on a sudden*, he may plainly overset the carriage, before any creature upon earth, sitting five yards behind him, could be quick enough to bring him to his senses; especially if a pig, or a jack-ass, or a windmill, or a pack of gipsies, or a scissor-grinder's machinery, should stand in his way,—and, for my own part, I think *leaders* of *tandems* are *particularly apt* to turn short round on a sudden, in the way I de-

scribe ;—numbers and numbers have I seen perform this manœuvre so suddenly and unexpectedly that one would have sworn it must be done on purpose to confound the driver ;—and the assurance and impudence with which they do it, in some instances, is past all description ; staring all the while full in the faces of those in the carriage, as much as to say, I must have a peep at the fools behind that are pretending to manage me.—It is, however, I must confess, a glaring *contradiction* that *near-sighted* people should drive *Tandems*, (I speak to Scholars ;) yet such things are ! Heaven protect his Majesty's liege subjects !—

Well, I was to be in Parliament as soon as a fair opportunity should occur.—I was to represent some six or seven Scotch boroughs, (as the famous *Charley Fox* once did,) and get acquainted with my constituents as I could.—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, this sounds odd ;—but, yet, Why not ?—Who knows *all* his constituents, or gets acquainted with them otherwise ?—And, *perhaps*, I may be as competent to legislate for the empire at large, with but few constituents, and little communication with them, as if I were to represent Westminster, or Middlesex, or London, and held an intercourse with them *daily* in *Taverns*, or on *Hustings*, or from *triumphal cars*, or in *Westminster Hall*, or from the *top* or *box* of a Hackney Coach. I say, *perhaps* :—I had rather of the two have few constituents, and consider myself a representative of the *nation at large*, than a multitude of such whimsical chaps, such *odd* friends of *liberty*, as would never suffer me so much as to *think*, even to *myself*, any thing contrary to

their particular whims and caprices, (nay, perhaps their local and personal prejudices,) and unless I *bowed down to them*, with almost idolatrous worship, would be sure to pelt me with *cabbage-stalks*, or *brickbats*, *dead cats*, or *dead dogs*, *rotten apples*, or *rotten eggs!*—as to the *real patriotism* or genuine *liberality* of such chaps, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it is all a ——! and a BIG, BOUNCING ONE, too!

But the *minister*,—the *minister*;—he may have an *undue influence* over me: ay, so he may, indeed; and, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, there *can*, to be sure, be *no* undue influence in a *bludgeon!*—in *hissings*, and *hootings*, and *peltings*, and *cat-calls*, and *placards:* no; these are mighty harmless, amiable, delightful helps to freedom of thought, and speech, and conduct;—Heaven bless the people who wish to call them into action every *three* years, instead of *seven!* Our Scotch boroughs are, at least, (*Thinks-I-to-myself*,) as well off as the *minority* in any *popular* election, who must, in the issue of things, be contented to be represented, not only by a man not of their own choice, but by one who possibly has, by himself or friends, done all he could to exasperate and affront them!

But *integrity*, *integrity*—ay, there's the rub; —integrity is every thing:—no corruption;—no placemen;—no! down with them all!—integrity is the only qualification for a Parliament man:—come, then, all you *honest* Tom Dashes, drive up to London; you honest country gentlemen, that never breathed the corrupt air of a court, or a royal residence, or wished to get a step higher in the world; -you are

the people, the only people;—*you* have no *prejudices*, no *piques*, no *passions*, no *partialities*, no *professional* bias, no *pretensions* beyond *integrity*;—let *trade* take care of itself,—and the *army*, and the *navy*, and the *church*, and the *law*;—you can make laws and statutes enough, no doubt, with your *integrity*, without any other aid or assistance whatsoever;—in truth, I believe you are, for the most part, honest and uncorrupt, and I ever wish to see a pretty sprinkling of you among the other legislators of the realm:—I wish, too, that integrity may ever prove as powerful as it is judged by some to be, and perhaps it *may* when the *Millennium* begins;—then, I think, (but not an hour before,) *honesty* may really become the best *policy*, and (what is more) the *only policy wanted.*

I love reform as well as any:—I wish we were all reformed:—not merely the Parliament House, but you and I, and such folks as Mr. Twist, and Bob Gubbins, and Big Beelzebub:—and I love *John Bull* too;—and I love him dearly; and I would have him always live at large in fat pastures, and with as little work as possible all the days of his life; only I wish him to be as good humoured and civil as he can be, and never to butt or bellow, out of mere sulkiness, or pride, or wantonness, or ill-nature, or caprice, or solely for the sake of frightening harmless people out of their wits;—which, I think, sometimes, he has been rather inclined to do.

Before the happy time came for my union with Emily, Miss Twist picked up another *lover*, or *admirer*, or whatever you may please to call him: it was a young "Muster Dash;"

a dissipated, profligate youth of fortune, nearly resembling, by all accounts, the most amiable and deeply lamented *Tom Dash*, of sporting celebrity. Mrs. Twist, I am told, was much hurt, when she first discovered that he had no chance of inheriting even a *Scotch Barony*, and grieved, within herself, that, after all, "OUR *grand-daughters*" stood a great chance of being *plain misses*. She ventured once, I am told, to remonstrate against it; but Miss *swore* "*she'd have him*, whether they would or no; she'd *buy* him *ever so great a title*, if that were all." They were continually riding out together, leaping hedges and ditches; particularly directing their attacks against my poor father's fences, to revenge the insult, I suppose, which had appeared to have been put upon the young lady by the heir apparent's cold neglect. This trespass, however, continued but a short time; for Nicotium Castle soon became an insufferable bore to these two *Dashers*, so that they worried Mr. and Mrs. Twist down to *Brighton* in the summer, and up to *London* in the winter; and then down to *Brighton* again, and from *Brighton* to *Margate*, and from *Margate* to *London* again; and from *London* to *Cheltenham*, and from *Cheltenham* to *Bath*, and from *Bath* to *Cheltenham* again; and so on.—Almost *every Sabbath day* they changed their place of abode. The Twist property seemed to be going much as it came:—that is, it appeared to be in a fair way of being dissipated like *smoke*;—so that Mr. Twist, himself, at length began to get out of humour, and judged it not improper to interfere before they all got ruined together;—he determined,

therefore, at once, to break off the connexion, and, with the full weight of his paternal authority, even ventured to open his mind to his gentle and amiable daughter; that is, the lovely Miss Grizilda:—he peremptorily told her the intercourse must be put an end to, and that she *must* consent to see "*young Muster Dash*" no more.

Upon this fatherly communication, the obedient and accomplished daughter burst out *a laughing*, as I am told, in his face, declaring, that she heeded none of his threats, for that they had been *privately married* more than three weeks; which was the exact truth of the matter.

As she was a minor, he at first vowed he would endeavour to set it aside; but at length relented, and was reconciled. It would have been a great pity, indeed, if *he* and "young *Muster Dash*" had quarrelled, for, in most respects, they were, undoubtedly, "*birds of a feather*," and perfectly suited to each other. Miss Watson had long before been sent off; as soon as ever, that is, that Miss Grizilda *felt*, (which was marvellously soon,) that she was, herself, *come* to years of DISCRETION!

All these events luckily kept the Twists out of the country while the preparations were making for *Clodpole's* wedding, as well as for the celebration of his coming of age.—I was married just three weeks previously to the latter event, and my sister about a fortnight before it.—The fête, that took place in consequence of these three great occurrences, was certainly most splendid, costly, and magnificent:—*Oxen* roasted *whole;—fountains of wine* and *ale*;—

bonfires upon all the *hills ;—country gambols*, &c. &c. &c., but NO *cock-fighting ;—*NO *bull-baiting ;—*NO *boxing ;—*NO *cudgel-playing ;—*NO *matches against time ;—*NO ass-*racing ;—* there was plenty of sport and amusement without these:—every thing was provided, in short, that *could be* provided, to make the *rational* part of the company merry, but nothing permitted that could make *one individual*, either of the rational or *irrational* creation, miserable.

And here I cannot help observing, that my father took delight at all times to make the poor happy, provided they would consent to be made so in a reasonable way ;—he never courted popularity by making them *drunk*, or *turbulent*, or *saucy ;*—he was a *real* friend to them, and not a *pretended* one ; *he* never went among them, as many do, merely to urge them to be discontented with their condition, holding forth to them no other relief but the mere *right* of *complaining ;* he endeavoured, all he could, to do away every occasion of discontent and complaint, by administering to the quiet removal of every removeable grievance, and teaching them at the same time, by his own example, patiently to bear all that were really *not* removeable ;—he was not a *democrat* in the too common sense of the term ; that is, a *mean* man with a *proud* heart, who seeks only to pull down the *great*, that *he* may be as great as any: but he was a *great* man with an *humble* soul, (which I regard as the true democrat ;) *he* always tried to *elevate* the *low* by such a demeanour towards them as might sink all worldly differences, and make them feel the only

sort of equality which God has ordained; an equality of *affection, friendship*, and *brotherhood.* —The fête at Grumblethorpe was conducted upon these principles, and these principles only:—there was no encouragement given to *licentiousness*, much less to *cruelty* or *profaneness;* yet, as far as expense and munificence could provide "*things lawful and honest*," every man was made free, and every man welcome.

So we were married; and so I came of age:—and here my history had better, perhaps, be brought to a conclusion; for the marriage in such works as this is generally like the falling of the curtain at the play-house;—however, I have a sort of Epilogue still to deliver, and then I shall make my final bow.

My sister's match turned out as happily as my own, so that my worthy father and mother reaped the just fruits of all their kind care of us.—They had treated us like reasonable creatures from our infancy, and therefore we grew up to be such, and, I trust, have continued so ever since; and this has made the marriage state a happy dispensation to ourselves and our connexions.

Captain Charleville had been brought up much like ourselves, and *Emily's* education has been described. Every accomplishment we severally possessed, either of mind or body, was in its nature *permanent*:—we had been taught nothing *frivolous*, nothing *fantastical*;—nothing likely to *go out of fashion*, or become obsolete: personal accomplishments had not been neglected, nor amusements proscribed; but even these had been so managed and con-

ducted as to be subservient to the great end and object of our education; namely, the improvement of our minds and intellects: we had learned nothing superficially, or for temporary purposes: whatever it had been thought necessary for us to learn, we had been thoroughly instructed in, and nothing *had been judged necessary* but what was likely to assist our judgments, to regulate our manners, to temper our passions, and to render us useful, as well as agreeable, to our fellow creatures, from the beginning of life to the end of it.

Miss Twist had, perhaps, been educated beyond any of us, as far as *expense*, and *variety*, and *show* were concerned; but almost every thing she had thus acquired was out of fashion by the time she got married, and quite so by the time she had a family; so that her husband was no better for it all, and her children only so much the worse; for, as *show* and *variety* were originally the prime objects of all her pursuits, the love of *show* and the love of *variety* never abated; so that fresh expenses continually became necessary to keep pace with the follies and vanities of the day, till all the accumulations of the thrifty tobacconist at length dwindled into nothing, and at this moment the *Twist stile* no longer separates the two *domains*;—the Nicotium property came to the hammer several years ago, and *Clodpole*, after all, is in possession of the whole!

My being in Parliament laid us under a necessity of being more in London than was quite agreeable either to Emily or myself. The

fair face of nature had charms for *us*, which we looked for in vain in the dark and dirty metropolis.—As far as we ourselves were personally concerned, we found no compensation, in the noise and bustle of that enormous city, for the quiet retirement and calmer pleasures of a rural residence.

I fear I should be accounted dull and stupid to the greatest degree, nay, judged to be altogether of a mean and base spirit, were I explicitly to declare how much I do really prefer the one to the other. I will even acknowledge that sometimes I have been almost ashamed to confess it to myself, fearing it could only result from a disposition to prefer *nature* in general to *human nature;* that is, inanimate and irrational objects to my fellow creatures; for, while the country abounds with the former, it has ever appeared to me that *human nature* may be said to have *London* to itself—whoever, therefore, has but one spark of real PHILANTHROPY, that is, whoever can bring himself to love MAN, merely as MAN, in preference to all other beings and earthly existences whatsoever, (which is, it must be confessed, the height of Christianity;) to whomsoever, I say, this can happen, London must needs be the very place in which he ought most to delight; inasmuch as, in all probability, that renowned city, take it altogether, contains within it more of human nature than any other corner of the globe; I mean of *genuine human nature;* such as man really is, not by education, but in spite of education and every other restraint whatsoever, human or divine:—*man*, to

be beloved as *man*, ought certainly to be seen and known in LONDON, because there he may be seen in almost every possible situation, and under every variety of character; and, therefore, if he does really deserve to be loved as he ought to be, or, in other words, as our holy religion enjoins, where can we expect to be better satisfied and convinced of his matchless and extraordinary perfections than in that general receptacle and resort of the species at large?—Therefore it is that I grieve to say, that, after numberless efforts to the contrary, I still *seem* to prefer *nature at large*:—*Thinks-I-to-myself*, there's rather more appearance of *order*, of *harmony*, of *beauty*, of *utility*, of *virtue*, of *innocence*, in the view of almost any country district, than of the most *thronged*, *crowded*, *populous*, *busy* part of London.

This I conceive to be a genuine *Thinks-I-to-myself*:—I don't suppose any body ever thought the like:—I scarcely, indeed, dare avow so singular a prejudice:—I am, in fact, ashamed of it altogether, and would give the world to get rid of it, because, at all events, London is a very useful place, and the difference between town and country is, it must be confessed, so palpably in favour of the former.

Often am I tempted to say, as I traverse the streets of London on a *fine spring morning*, why cannot I be contented, *as so many thousands are*, to enjoy the bright beams of the sun, as they are dimly reflected from the surface of that long range of buildings of dingy brick work, the habitations of MAN! spending

all their vivifying force on the superficies of this delightful stone pavement, on which so many lords of the creation are delighted to tread, instead of wishing rather to behold that wonderful luminary, enlightening, unrestrained, (that is, in a *careless*, *loose*, and *rude* manner,) a mere vulgar expanse of rural scenery, mountain and valley, hill and dale, wood and wilderness, dispersing its rays abroad to cheer and revive seldom any thing better than mere birds and beasts, herbs and trees, to ripen the fruits of the earth, or adorn the flowers of the field?

Surely, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it ought to be far more gratifying, if I had but a just notion of the pre-eminence and dignity of *man*, to see it insinuating itself with such modesty and humility, and such deference to the multifarious restrictions imposed on it, into the *cracks* and *corners*, and *narrow passes* of the crowded metropolis;—making its way with such eage anxiety as it generally seems to do, though continually turned out of its direct course, into its numerous *streets* and *squares*, *lanes* and *alleys*, *courts* and *passages*, *shops* and *shambles!!*

The dignity and proud pre-eminence of *us human creatures* cannot, I think, be placed in a higher point of view than by the marked subservience of this glorious luminary in this particular region of the globe; though there is no place on the face of the whole earth in which it is more scurvily treated by man, woman, and child, it yet never wantonly turns away its beams; it rises many, many hours before there

is any body awake or in motion to be enlightened by its rays, and submits to be put out of countenance by the *preference* almost universally given to *wax* and *tallow candles*;—it submits to shine only by *reflection* or *refraction*, seldom in full lustre into any one street of the metropolis; and, if it ever does appear *in person* to the astonished eye, it is most commonly not in its utmost glory, but more like a *dark red ball* shorn of its beams, not near so bright as one of those enormous *show-bottles* in a Chemist's shop, that so often dazzle and confound your eyes, as you traverse the streets at night.

I know not where the SUN receives more marked insults than in *London*, either in the way of neglect, or interruption, or open contempt of its use and importance in the system of things;—the MOON, poor thing! is not worthy of a thought; though *Queen* of the *Night*, which latter has more votaries in London than any where else, all the honours are transferred to the one without the smallest care or concern being expressed for the other. *Thinks-I-to-myself*, there are OTHER QUEENS OF THE NIGHT at London!

It is a pity but the *sun* and *moon* could be persuaded to leave London to itself, and bestow such portions of their light as are thus uselessly spent upon the metropolitans, to the greater accommodation of the country folks:—the latter alone, in fact, seem to be duly sensible of the great and particular benefits to be derived from these two *great lights* of *Heaven*; made, originally, (as I have read,) the *Sun* to

rule the *day*, and the *Moon* to rule the *night*; an ordinance which Londoners have thought proper to reverse, so that generally, and for the most part, the *night* of a Londoner falls under the dominion of the *sun*, and the *day* of a Londoner under the dominion of the *moon*;—Is it not so, Sir?—Is it not so, Madam?—Is it not so, Miss?—Speak out honestly.

Not that *all* London, perhaps, is ever asleep at the same moment; as there are plenty of disturb-*ers*, so there are probably plenty of disturb-*ed*, at all hours;—*sweep!* and *dust-O!* —*hare skeens* and *rabbit skeens!*—and *ould Clouthes!* no doubt often at the dawn of day interrupt the very *commencement* of many a *belle's* repose, just returned from the ball, or assembly, or masquerade;—but let these reflect in their turn: how many honest, industrious, hard working citizens the rattling of their carriages may have robbed of the *end* of *their* repose, at hours still more unreasonable, more precious, and more allowably dedicated to Morpheus.

And, now I have alluded to these things, I cannot help mentioning another strange and unaccountable prejudice which I could never shake off, though so necessary to my comfort during my attendance in Parliament; instead of being cheered and exhilarated, as others generally are, by the sweet sounds that are continually saluting you in London, such as the *rattling* of *coaches* just mentioned, the *rumbling* of *carts*, the cry of *sprats* and *macrill*, *muffins* and *crumpets*, *dust-O*, *sweep-O*, *milk-below-maids*, and other such melodious strains,

I could at any time have found greater delight in the dull *warbling* of *larks* or *linnets*, *blackbirds* or *nightingales*, and other rural noises, such as—

> "The *wild brook* babbling down the mountain side.
> The *lowing herd*, the sheep-fold's *simple bell*;
> The *pipe* of early *Shepherd* dim descry'd
> In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
> The *clamorous horn* along the cliffs above;
> The hollow murmur of the *ocean tide*;
> The *hum* of *bees*, and *linnet's* lay of love,
> And the full *choir* that wakes the universal grove."

There must naturally be something so much more noble and important in the "busy hum of *men*" than in "the busy hum of bees," or any other inferior animal, that I am almost ashamed to acknowledge such base prepossessions.

It is often said, and oftener perhaps *thought*, of London, as of *Paris* in old time, that the very *air* of the *metropolis* is necessary to the improvement and perfection of any talent we may happen to possess; that *those* who have *not* visited the *capital* cannot be expected ever to excel in any art or any science,—upon which I can only say, what has been already said also in the case of *Paris* alluded to, namely, that this is indeed very likely to be true, since, undoubtedly, the *air* of London must needs be a *very particular air*; not any of your mere *simple*, *uncompounded*, *insipid* fluids like the air of the country, but evidently and palpably consisting of an immense variety of substances most curiously blended and mingled together; London, as well as Paris, may reasonably be considered as one vast crucible, in

which divers *meats* and *fruits*, *oils*, *wines*, *pepper*, *cinnamon*, *sugar*, *coffee*, (this for *Paris*—you may *add* for *London*) *coal-dust* and *coal-smoke*, *brick-dust*, *mud*, the steam of a thousand *breweries*, the fumes and vapours of ten thousand *gin-shops*, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c., are daily collected, the stomachs and lungs of the inhabitants being the furnaces by which these various ingredients are again decomposed.

It must be evident to all capable of considering the subject but for one moment, that the more *subtile* and *volatile* parts of *every thing* in the *whole town*, capable of *decomposition*, must be every moment flying off, and incorporating themselves with the *air we breathe!* what smoke! what flames! what a torrent of vapours and exhalations!

I need not pursue this matter further: the hint is sufficient to enable any person in full possession of almost any one of the *five* senses, *taste*, *touch*, *smell*, *sight*, or *hearing*, to swell the catalogue, as well as to enlarge his own ideas of the very extraordinary nature and component parts of a London atmosphere.

How can we be surprised if it work effects not to be looked for elsewhere! who can wonder that the genius should be brighter, the brain clearer, the senses more acute, the faculties (not to mention the *virtues*) of the *soul* improved, in an atmosphere subject to such curious *compositions* and *decompositions*, *sublimations*, *fermentations*, *elective attractions*, *precipitations*, *&c. &c. &c.?*

There is nothing on which it appears to have a more powerful and wonderful effect than on the *human voice;* the energies and operations of which have *here* a value which would exceed all belief, if it were not capable of being verified by an appeal to *facts* notorious to the whole world: I do not mean to speak of the little trumpery profits of those who *hawk* and *cry* their commodities about the public streets, (though to my soft ears, so wonderfully sonorous are the voices of the very gentlest of those gentle orators, that they seem, most of them, to possess the *fifty*-fold faculties of a *Stentor;*) nor do I mean to speak of the *popular preachers* in the several chapels in London, regular or irregular, (though, for what I know, many of them may be admired, and paid more for the *sound* than for the *sense* they utter;) nor do I mean to speak of the profits of the gentry of the *long-robe*, (though I have heard it rumoured that some are frequently rewarded more for what they say than what they *think;*) nor do I mean to speak of my brethren in Parliament, (though I know it is thought that many of *them* make some profit of their *voices;*) nor do I indeed mean to speak at all of the effects the London air has on the lungs of *Englishmen* or *Englishwomen*, to whom it may be considered as at all events natural and congenial; but I mean most particularly to allude to the very surprising advantage it gives to the *voices* of those who happen to have been born in the fair climes of *Italy;* the more surprising because a Northern atmosphere might be natu-

rally expected to be rather disadvantageous to such Southern rarities.

I might adduce a thousand instances in proof of the astonishing value of an *Italian voice* when exposed to the influences of a London atmosphere; I might amuse the reader, if I chose, with a curious calculation of the probable amount of the enormous sums paid for *every word* of *every air* that proceeds from the mouths of certain eminent performers; but an article I read this very day in the newspapers is so much in point, that *I* shall merely transcribe it; "*Madame Catalina* had *diamonds* on her head to the amount of 15,000*l.*—her *voice*, however, is *her richest jewel.*"

A Lady's *virtue* is *generally supposed* to be her "*richest jewel;*" but you see the voice of an *Italian* lady in London *outweighs* even *that;* at least so the paragraph just cited implies: most certainly, however, in a pecuniary point of view, it does *always outweigh* the brightest and purest virtues of many of our worthy countrymen and most amiable countrywomen!

There are several things for which I wish to give London unbounded credit; particularly with regard to all matters of social intercourse; these are far better managed in London than in the country. Mrs. Fidget, for instance, and her troublesome dogs, and child, (see pages 8, 9, &c. vol. i.) would never have been admitted, in London, while my mother was writing a letter to my sister, unless she had herself, *bonâ fide*, as they say in *Latin*, that is, from the bottom of her heart, chosen it: she might have looked out of the window her-

self, and said, "*Not at home;*" so little are these things thought of in that great and polite city.

I know there must ever appear to be something very like a deliberate falsehood, not to say *downright lie*, in such sort of denials, and therefore I think it would be better for people actually to say it themselves at once, out of the window, as I have hinted above, instead of making their servants their substitutes upon such occasions, that is, their *deputy*, *pro* or *vice*-liars :—London servants, besides, are, in general, and when left to themselves, so remarkably pure, so perfectly innocent, and altogether immaculate, that it is a shame to lay such stumbling blocks in their way ;—surely it would at least be worth while to invent some harmless *equivoque* for this sort of questions and answers.

And, now I am upon the subject of being *at home*, I must observe that to "*be at home*" means, in London, I scarce know what :—it certainly does *not* mean that you are in your own house, private and disengaged, so as to sit quietly, snug and rationally, at full liberty, and with complete command of your time, in the enjoyment of the company of your husband or wife, and the little olive branches it may have pleased Heaven to raise up around your family table ; but it is rather, I think, as far as I am able to comprehend the matter, the exact contrary of all this :—"*to be at home*," in London, is *any thing rather* than to sit *snug* and *quiet*, *in full enjoyment of one's liberty* :—it is to open one's doors to every body we happen to know-

and to give *them* permission, by every freedom in the world, to make it *their* home for the time being:—so far from sitting snug and quiet, *you* are, of all the people in such an assembly, the very person most peremptorily forbidden ever to sit snug or quiet:—your servants even must be more at the command of the company than of yourselves; nay, perhaps by a certain deposit of money under the candlesticks, they must consent to be paid their wages by the visitors, for fear you should not be found fit to be trusted.

The misery is, that when they are all gone you are *really* left at home; that is, you have your house so completely on your own hands, that, probably, not one, of all the company just departed, care a bit more about you or your house,* though you are compelled to care about *them*, in the mere anxiety you feel, lest every thing should not have been conducted, as the French say, "*comme il faut*," which admirably expresses a necessity of a most imperious nature, and, in regard to which, any failure, or *faux-pas*, I fully apprehend, would be more disquieting to the consciences of half the ladies in London, than ever so many failings or omissions of any other description.

* The following lines of the immortal Cowper I cite merely to show how *little* he knew of the world:—

> ——"She that asks
> Her dear five hundred friends contemns them all,
> And hates their coming; they, what can they less?
> Make just reprisals, and with cringe and shrug,
> And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her."

From all the observations I have been able to make, it certainly appears to me that *to be at home*, in London, does by no means imply any private comfort or domestic liberty, but rather public inconvenience, and public distress. One more observation I must make before I dismiss this topic.—

There is a method of being at home, lately invented, which, if strictly interpreted according to the very letter of the terms, is the farthest possible from being really at home in your own house;—it is, in fact, freely and deliberately to give up your home:—I speak of the custom of lending certain great houses (so great that I dare not mention them) to *musical* or *theatrical performers*, who have leave to *sell* tickets of admission, leaving only to the real possessor of the house a power and privilege of adding a very small proportion of the company.

I have such a high respect for *fiddlers*, and *dancing masters*, and *opera singers*, and *foreigners* in general, that I cannot, and would not, indeed, for the world, suppose it possible that they could introduce any improper company; but money is money,—and I believe that a bank note does not at all lose its value by coming out of the pocket of any vagabond on the face of the earth, any more than it increases in value by coming out of the purse of a Duchess, Marchioness, Countess, Viscountess, Baroness, &c. &c. &c., so that, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, there's a hazard: the lady of the house may be good, super-excellent; but the company may be naught!—what a contrast!—what

an inconsistency!—she may "be at home," certainly, as far as she is entitled to go to bed there when all the rest of the company are gone, but she may depend upon it they will all think themselves as much at home as herself, so long as they may choose to keep her out of her bed, and are, after all, about as much obliged to her for any entertainment they may have received, as to the proprietor of any *inn*, or *hotel*, for the accommodations of their rooms, so long as they may choose to give a pecuniary equivalent for the bows and courtesies, and eatables and drinkables, wherewith they may have been furnished for their money: *Hotel*, in French, is the very word for a nobleman's mansion, (*grande maison d'une personne de qualité*,) what then if we were to exchange the term *House* for *Hotel*, and say, D——*Hotel*, E——*Hotel*, F——*Hotel*, &c. &c. &c., that is, in plain English, genteel (nay, even *noble*) accommodations for those who can afford it.

Neighbourhood. which is a word of great importance in the country, is of no account at all in London. Every day, in the country, you may hear such complaints as these: "*I wish such and such persons lived a little nearer*," or, "*I wish such and such people were further*;" that is, further off, out of sight and out of reach; but no such murmurings or wishes are to be heard in London; the people we hate most in the world are welcome to live next door to us, and there is nobody too far off if any pleasure or profit, amusement or delight,

but above all, any credit or *eclat* are to be derived from visiting them.

In London, wherever you are *not*, nobody, probably, of all the company, knows where you *are*, so that you may, with much more facility, and far less violence to truth, than in the country, decline any troublesome or unpleasant invitation; nor are pleasant and unpleasant invitations so likely to clash and interfere in town as in the country; for houses enough are open, generally, every night, to enable you, in the way of visiting, to kill *twenty* or *thirty* head of *game* (as Mrs. Fidget would say) in one evening; whereas, either on foot, or horseback, or in carriages, it must cost you a journey of many miles in the country, and all to be transacted by vulgar day-light, and all in regular turns, without one omission, or any notorious preference; whereas in London preferences at least are possible, as not being very easy to detect.

It is a great comfort also, that in London, whenever they please, "birds of a feather" *may* get together; whereas all society in the country is, for the most part, so heterogeneous and unharmonious, that you will generally see *peacocks* and *sparrows*, *eagles* and *tomtits*, *canary-birds* and *crows*, *goldfinches* and *Didappers*, all jumbled together; and if *one peacock* would wish to find *another peacock*, or *one eagle another eagle*, perhaps they may look the whole country through before they find one;—in London there is always plenty of all kinds, both of birds and beasts, clean and unclean, from the highest to the lowest, so that every

one may find his fellow—*geese*, *owls*, *rooks*, *swallows*, *cormorants*, *lions*, *tigers*, *wolves*, *bears*, *foxes*, and *asses!* to a certainty, every beast of *prey* and every bird of *passage*.

The only *equalising* plan to be adopted in the country is, as soon as possible to set the whole party down to *cards*. Two whist, cassino, or quadrille tables will dispose of *four couple* at least of the *elderly birds*, and a good bouncing *round* game will take all the rest off your hands;—by supplying the want of conversation in those who cannot talk, and effectually stopping the mouths of all that *can*, the different measures of talents and information, which the several individuals of the company may chance to possess, are so happily brought to *a par* at a *card-table*, that the *wise* can be no longer distinguished from the *weak*, nor the *witty* from the *dull*, nor the *lively* from the *stupid*, nor the *sage* from the *savage*, nor the *saint* from the *sinner;* or, in other words, the *peacock* from the *sparrow*, the *eagle* from the *tom-tit*, &c. &c. &c.—Though no two of the whole *covey* may chance to be of "*one* feather," they are sure enough to be (at a *card-table*) all of *one note*.

"*Two by honours and three by cards;*

"*Great cass, little cass, and the spades,*
Ma'am;" or, "*You go up, Miss, and I draw;*" become of necessity as much the song of the *nightingale* as of the *magpie*, of the *goldfinch* as of the *gull*, of the *turtle-dove* as of the *goshawk*, though their plumage be as different as it is possible to conceive.—Do but turn, gentle reader, to *folio* 12 of that learned work, which

has lately made so much bustle in the world, and which of course I conclude to be in every library in the kingdom, (except, perhaps, the Bodleian and a *few* others;) I mean the PEACOCK AT HOME, and see what little difference the *plumage* makes, and how much upon *a par* the Dowager *Lady Toucan*, and Dame *Owlet*, Doctor *Buzzard*, and Admiral *Penguin* appear to be, and how perfectly it seems to have been forgotten, by the party themselves, perhaps, but at all events by the lady of the house, (or rather my *Lord* Peacock,) that they would not be accounted "birds of a feather" upon any other occasion.

I wonder, for my own part, that I am not more fond of *cards* than I happen to be, for the very essence of the amusement seems to me to consist in *thinking-to-one's-self*—either in the *forced suppression* of the *bright ideas* and *useful information* with which the *witty* and the *wise* might be entertaining the company, were but the common channel of converse and communication left open to them; or in the secret *ponderations*, *hopes*, *schemes*, *wishes*, *fears*, and *designs* of every professed and anxious player; or in the restraint put upon the passions, *in orderly company*, during an occupation in which *irritation*, *vexation*, perhaps even *envy*, *hatred*, *malice*, *jealousy*, and *revenge*, must, in the nature of things, be as nearly as possible inevitable, at least in *some* breasts, from the beginning of almost every game to the very end of it. Do but look again at the picture, and see, for instance, if the Dowager Lady *Toucan* don't seem (while she dare not *utter* her feel-

ings) to be *thinking-to-herself* that she could willingly *claw* Admiral *Penguin's* eyes out, for not being able to save her from being *beasted;* while Dame *Owlet* is more pleasantly (but not, perhaps, less spitefully) *thinking-to-*HER*-self* how fortunate she is to have, snug in her own hand, the happy card that is to do the business. The noble Admiral, forgetful of his element and profession, evidently appears to be *thinking*, not of the *fishes* of the *sea*, as usual, but of the *fishes* in the *pool;* while Dr. *Buzzard*, alone, seems to *turn away*, as though not very fond of *quadrille*, and (*possibly*) may be *thinking-to-himself*, how much rather he would be at home, or visiting his patients, writing prescriptions, and fingering of fees; heartily WISHING-*to-himself*, besides, perhaps, that the pool was out, or his partner, Dame *Owlet*, at the bottom of the sea, for playing so slow, and looking all the while so stupidly tranquil, patient, and composed.

O Cards!—Cards!—Cards!—

Noble, admirable, valuable invention! So infallibly conducive to the moral improvement of the *young*, and to the peace and satisfaction of the *old*—[Wherever, that is, they are taken up, not *now* and *then*, only, for *mere amusement*, *once in a month or so*, but made a part of *every evening's* entertainment, and *every day's* occupation]—The young cannot fail to learn from it how to look sharp in time after the *main chance;* to have a *lively regard* for their neighbour's *property;* to be circumspect in all their *dealings;* to win their way, if not by tricks and stratagems, yet by *art* and *management*, and if

not to go straight forward, yet at least to *shuffle successfully* through life.

The *old* it must naturally preserve, (during all the hours *daily* and *nightly* devoted thereto,) as well from any *painful reflections* on the *past*, as from any *over-anxious preparations* for *futurity;* helping all the while to quicken their hopes of *eternity*, by enabling them to *kill Time*, at the very moment that *Time* is doing all he can to *kill them*.—But to return.—

In the country you must always visit *in propriâ personâ;* that is, you must actually go yourselves to people's houses; but, in London, if *your servant* goes for you, it is often just as well; or if, instead of making your appearance in person, you honour your acquaintance with your name only on a card of certain dimensions, it is no affront, and, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, perhaps, *quite as agreeable to all parties*.—This is a noble convenience, and cuts off a world of disquietude and trouble.

It is no uncommon case in London for a servant to know better than a Lady's own self whom she is acquainted with; and many instances occur, I believe, in which the whole business of visiting passes no further than between the footmen of different families, who, having committed to them the entire management of the transfer and exchange of cards, conduct the matter with an ease and *adroitness* that does them infinite credit, and no doubt their mistresses too.

As servants of the present day are *not unseldom* the subject of *conversation* among friends and acquaintance, and as I have more

than once had occasion to allude to their merits, and am always anxious to bestow praise where it is strictly due; as, besides, there are few of my fellow creatures in regard to whose conduct and demeanour *I think more to myself*, as I am in the habit of observing them in their different departments, I cannot help offering a few remarks on that most amiable class of persons.

There is nothing, perhaps, of which this age may more justly boast, than of the *very improved* state of these domestic conveniences.—No longer distinguished, except in certain cases, by any articles of *dress*, from their masters and mistresses, they nobly lift up their heads on high, like the other lords and ladies of the creation, and assume, without exception, all the airs, and graces, and manners of their employers, which makes a gay world of it from top to bottom.

Instead of giving any body the trouble of *hiring them* in the old-fashioned way, their only mode of coming into service now is, to hire themselves:—they wait not to be asked what *they can do*, but ingenuously tell you at once what *they won't do;* and if, upon trial, they should happen to suit their employers ever so well, yet, if their employers do not exactly *suit them*, they avoid all disagreement by withdrawing at once.

Formerly, if a servant came into service in his teens, he would do his best to continue in the same service till his dotage.—There was no getting rid of him:—he clung to his master or mistress like ivy to an oak tree: but now

they are for ever going and coming, which has introduced such an agreeable variety into this department of life, that there is no saying how many new faces one master or one mistress may see in the course of a year.—All the dulness and monotony of a joint interest and mutual attachment are quite at an end: no master need ever be encumbered long with the same servant, because no servant will long consent now-a-days to live with the same master:—let them be employed by whom they will, let them be indulged, coaxed, pampered, and caressed ever so much, yet such is the aspiring nature of their noble minds, that they must soon be gone again to "*better themselves*;" and who could have the heart to stop them?—

There is one circumstance rather unpleasant attending the perpetual change of servants. It is irksome (to *shy* people, at least, like myself) to sit and be looked at during the hour of dinner by a parcel of *strangers* around one's table; but this is easily to be avoided in small parties by the use of the *dumb waiter*,—a sort of snuggery, which, I confess, for my own part, I take great delight in, whenever practicable; for a *dumb* waiter can plainly *tell no secrets*, which a *speaking* one *may:* besides, *the dumb waiter* I mean is generally both *deaf* and *blind* into the bargain, which, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, multiplies one's comfort greatly.

Sensible of the heavy charge they must be, in these most expensive times, to those with whom they live, modern servants are careful to guard against waste, by letting you know, as distinctly as they can, what will best suit

their appetites, and what not; and, as they all eat pretty hearty as long as they have *just what they choose to eat*, the quantity of broken victuals is not likely to be so great as if they were to leave you in the dark as to their particular likings and dislikings:—this, then, is a modern accommodation of great importance:—if you or your housekeeper make any mistake in providing for the tables below stairs, *immediate murmuring and complaint* soon sets all to rights again by letting you into the secret of the *necessity* of *better management*.

Their exemption from taxes and household cares renders them most happily careless and indifferent to all public and private distresses and calamities, so that they fortunately enjoy, in general, an equal state of spirits; and, should any great national misfortune or family loss bring sorrow and heaviness into the drawing-room, it must be a great blessing and delight to know that you have nothing to do but open the door, and you will be sure at all times to hear the voice of joy and gladness in the servants' hall and kitchen.

Formerly, there used to be great danger of confusion, in most households, from the perfect indifference with which every servant would perform, when required, every sort of service; if the master gave but the word of command, or expressed any sort of want, none stopped to inquire whose place it was to obey; but the first that happened to be within hearing would be eager to discharge the duty demanded; and, if more than one heard his voice, you might have seen the *jolly footman* tumbling in his

eagerness over the *great fat housekeeper*, or the *housekeeper* over the *cook*, or the *cook* over the old *gouty butler*, all anxious to obey the impressive call; but now every servant makes it his business to know his own place so exactly, that it is a matter of impossibility that one should any longer invade the department of another; let the call be ever so loud, or the emergency ever so pressing, no entreaty or chiding, no coaxing or commanding, could induce a *butler* to consent to do the work of a *footman*, or a *footman* the work of a *groom*, or a *housemaid* the work of a *cook*, or a *cook* the work of a *housemaid*; but every one will be found to have such an invincible disposition to preserve the order and *etiquette* of things, that the smallest irregularity in this respect, on the part of any master or any mistress, is sure to be checked or corrected by the timely advice and memento, that, "*It is not my place to do so and so.*" This also is an invention of very modern date. There is one office, duty, or service, of *some* importance to the comfort and welfare of the community, which is now entirely relinquished and abandoned by the whole race and order of domestics; namely, that of informing the master or mistress of any disorderly proceedings on the part of the household in general. "Ma'am," says Mrs. *Housekeeper*, "I did certainly know long ago that *Dolly* the *housemaid* did intrigue with *Charles* the *footman*, but I thought it was not *my business* to interfere;" and "Sir," says Mr. *Butler*, "I certainly thought that some silver spoons were missing, and that *Molly* the *dairymaid* dressed too

fine ; but I did not like to *get anger* among my *fellow-servants* by making any *piece of work* about it."

It used formerly to be a matter of *convenience* for any master or mistress to communicate an order or direction through a *third* person : to tell the *butler*, for instance, to tell the *coachman* to wait at table, or the *footman* to ask the *groom* to carry a letter to the post; but this *round-about* mode of communication is now properly put an end to; Mr. *Butler* no longer dare presume to tell Mr. *Coachman* to wait at table, nor Mr. Charles the *footman* Mr. Bob the *groom* to carry a letter to the post; Mrs. *Housekeeper* to tell Miss *House-maid* to help her prepare the sweetmeats, nor the *nurse* to ask the *laundry-maid* to bring up little Miss's dinner. But, if these things are to be done for the special accommodation of the master and mistress, it is settled and agreed, that, in point of *etiquette*, they are bound to deliver the commands themselves—which is but paying a proper compliment to their supremacy ;—and, though resistance may be often made even to the commands of masters and mistresses themselves in such cases, yet one step at least in the disturbance and discomfiture of families is by this means avoided, while the *honour*, *dignity*, *pride*, and *importance* of all the *under-servants* remain inviolate —a point most particularly to be attended to, in the present day, by all who wish to live (with the consent and permission of their dependants) in peace and quietness.

In old time, every male servant wore a livery, the best possible badge of his calling and profession, though rather a degrading one, and therefore, of course, better laid aside; and thus we see, that now none *will wear* a livery that can possibly avoid it; and, where livery servants must be kept for show and parade, they are so chosen and selected as amply to compensate the casual degradation of their harlequin jackets;—none being admitted into the chosen band but such as are distinguished above their fellows by extraordinary altitude or beauty of person, or elegance of figure, or gentility of address; the exterior is all that is attended to, and they are generally hired by *measure*.

I cannot pretend to say whether the above improvements are owing most to the masters and mistresses of the present day, or to the servants themselves:—perhaps they deserve to share the praise between them; perhaps both have contributed all they could to that happy change of manners and circumstances upon which I have judged nt to congratulate the public at large.

At times, when the servants of other countries were judged to be notoriously bad, the wisest heads seem to have been puzzled to know where exactly to fix the *blame*;—some thought the masters were in fault, and others the servants:—no wonder, therefore, if I am now equally puzzled to know how to portion out aright the *commendations* that may be due to each. About thirty years ago, a celebrated French writer thus speaks of the bad condition

of servants at Paris, attributing their faults, in a great degree, to the conduct of their *masters:*

"Servants, in *former days*," says he, (for the title of the chapter is *Nos Grand Meres*, our Grandmothers,) "made part of the family: they were treated with less civility, but more affection; of which they, being duly sensible, were in proportion grateful and attentive; masters were better served, and could depend upon them for a degree of fidelity very rare in these days; care was taken to preserve them alike from vice and from want; and, in return for their services and obedience, they plentifully enjoyed all the fruits of kindness and protection; but, now, servants pass from house to house, and from place to place, perfectly indifferent what master it is they serve, and will come into the presence of the one they have just quitted without the smallest emotion; they never get together but to reveal the secrets they have been in the way to discover; and are, in fact, no better than spies: and, as they are well paid, and well fed, *but despised*, they perceive it to be so, and therefore are become our greatest enemies: formerly, they led a frugal, laborious, hard life, but they were held in some esteem and regard, and therefore the faithful servant commonly died of old age by the side of his master."

This author does not seem to be quite aware of some of the comforts flowing from the changes he describes: certainly his *old* masters were shockingly unfashionable, though his *new* ones might be somewhat to blame.

The other account I have to give throws the blame upon the *servants*:—the original is in Latin; don't be frightened, ladies, it is Clodpole translates, and it was one of your greatest favourites who wrote it,—even the famous *Petrarch*,—the sonnetteer,—the lover of *Laura*,—a great *poet*, a great *lover*, and a great *philosopher*; and, what is more than all, a *great man*; for he kept great company, and, probably, had in his time a great many great servants: it is worth reading at all events, because it is nearly five hundred years old, and, so good as servants are *now*, you could scarcely believe it possible (*Thinks-I-to-myself*) that they could *ever* have been so bad.

"Seneca," says he, "has said a great deal in excuse of servants, throwing the whole blame on their masters, and he commends his friend, *Lucilius*, for living familiarly with his domestics:—What can I say?—I do not like to dispute the opinion of so great a man, and yet, I must confess, things appear to me quite otherwise:—possibly, *they* had the advantage, either of greater skill and prudence to *make* their servants *good*, or better luck in meeting with such as happened *to be good*:—to myself, neither of these things ever occurred, though I have been particularly solicitous about both:—let others, therefore, see to their own concerns; as to myself, I cannot praise what I have never known:—to *me* the race of servants is above all things abominable, and I regard nothing as more true than the old proverb with which Seneca finds fault, namely, that

'as many *servants* as you have, so many *enemies* you have.'

"I do not pretend to dispute what he says in particular, or to deny his authorities;—but, whether it be owing to the change of times, or mere chance, or my own impatience, I do declare that I never yet saw a good servant, though I am continually upon the look-out for them; and, if I were by accident ever to meet with one, I should be as much amazed as if I had met a man with two heads.

"And, lest any should be disposed from what I say to attribute this either to my particular carelessness or severity, I must protest that I have tried *every expedient*:—Lucilius could not live with *his* servants more familiarly than I have done with *mine:* I have *advised* with them, I have *conversed* with them, I have even *admitted* them to my *table*;* I have confided to them my *person* and my *property*, and trusted them on purpose to make them faithful:—but this my confidence in them has never answered; every artifice, on the contrary, has been practised against me; not one of my servants but has become more insolent in consequence of my familiarity, and more unmanageable in consequence of my indulgence: and as familiarity has bred contempt, so has my confidence in them only made them thieves·—let Seneca, then, say what he pleases of *his* servants, I must speak what I think of *my own* and others; for I know not how it is, but, if I speak the truth, I think all are alike:—I con-

* Remember this was written 500 years ago.

fess, for my own part, I find nothing in life so vexatious as the obstinacy and perverseness of servants. Other wars and contentions have their intervals of peace and repose, but with these *domestic* foes we must fight without intermission.—I am not, however, unmindful," (*Thinks-I-to-myself*, it is as well to add this, though it does *at present* in *no manner* apply to any of *us*,) "that we ought to learn to bear with patience what we know to have befallen the greatest and the best of men: even Ulysses, in that celebrated era which is termed *heroical*, among the other hard toils and labours he sustained, is said to have been sorely afflicted at the insolence of his servants and handmaidens: and, in more modern days, as report goes, the Emperor Frederick never ceased (living and dying) to complain of the injuries he had sustained from servants."

How happy, (*Thinks-I-to-myself*,) how superlatively happy we ought to be, that neither of the above accounts does at all apply to the masters, or mistresses, or servants, of the times and country in which we live. No:—now, among ourselves, every thing is correct and comfortable: masters love their servants, and servants their masters; mistresses their maids, and maids their mistresses; how much I do not even attempt to describe; as nothing can exceed the *quiet*, *submissive*, and *civil obedience* of the present race of servants, their *frugality* and *diligence*, their *patient compliance* and *contentedness* with every thing *enjoined* them, and every thing *provided for them*, so nothing, surely, can ever exceed the *care* which modern

masters have of their *servants'* interests, both *temporal* and *spiritual :*—in the words of an old author :

> " They care not what wages they give,
> They care not what life 'tis they live."

See the Epistles of the very learned *Grumbledumpsius ;*—but, N. B., *look sharp*, or *perhaps* you will not find it.

When Emily and myself first went to London, we took with us some old-fashioned servants from Grumblethorpe, being willing rather to put up with their odd and uncouth ways, than take a new set merely to please ourselves ;—as they have been in the family ever since they were children, they will probably all soon drop off by degrees, and then we shall have a general reform of our whole household : I confess, it will be a happy moment for myself, because then I may feel at liberty ;—at present, their continual concern and anxiety about my health and my happiness, and the health and happiness of my wife and children, and the order and regularity of my house, and the morals and behaviour of the under servants, perfectly prevents our doing many things, that are quite common in other families, though somewhat contrary to the laws both of God and man ;—it is very trying to live under such restraints !

The provoking thing is that, notwithstanding all their old-fashioned habits, and troublesome anxiety about one's happiness, long acquaintance naturally produces even a strong degree of love and esteem for them, so that few, I

should think, could find in their hearts to turn them adrift, if they happen not to wish to depart of themselves :—the very nurse that nursed *me*, that took me first from my mother's lap, is still an inmate of my house ;—though so afflicted with the rheumatism and a defect of sight, and worn down with age, as to be perfectly and entirely useless, I have been weak enough to promise that she shall have her run for life among us, and that I will deposit her remains, when she dies, somewhere near her old master and mistress, in the church yard at Grumblethorpe.

Luckily for her, Emily and my children find amusement in her old stories, and, I believe, often encourage her to talk of past times, which is her greatest delight ;—they have learned from her, I find, the exact pattern of the cap and frock the *Clodpole* had on at his christening ;—who made the *cockade* to denote my *boyhood ;* how many yards of lace there were in it, and what sort of lace it was ;—she remembers the colour of my first pair of breeches, and the very pattern of my buttons, which, by all accounts, appear to have been of the sugar-loaf shape ; often do the tears trickle down her cheeks when she relates what shocking *chilblains* poor little master *Bobby* had in the hard weather, and how she used to bathe them, and anoint them, and chafe them with her hands, and wrap them up in her apron, as I sat crying and sobbing upon her lap before the nursery fire ;—she knows exactly how many nights she sat up with me when I had the measles, and the small pox, and when I

cut my eye teeth; she can recount, and I believe often does, all the pranks of my childhood, and boyhood, and youth.

But she is in all her glory when she describes the splendid and costly dresses which she remembers my *grandfather* and *grandmother* to have worn; such *gold* and *silver lace*, as broad as one's hand! *rich silks* that would have stood an end of themselves!—"Ay," (she will say sometimes,) "things were very different then;—*then* a *Duchess* might be distinguished from a *Milk-maid*, and a *Duke* from a *Valley-de-sham*;—then the wages and hire of servants and apprentices were not all spent in *dress*, as it is now-a-days, but were sent home to the relief of their *aged parents*, to prevent their becoming *dependent on*, or a *burthen to*, their parishes, or laid up for times of sickness or want; but who can wonder that things are as they are, when a shoemaker's apprentice can have the assurance to dress like a lord, or washer-woman's daughter like a lady, and not be ashamed of it, and their parents or their employers be such fools as to encourage it?" So will she continually run on, shaking her head, and lifting up her hands, at the *sad* times and *sad* changes she has lived to witness; for as such *she* regards them.

I had great apprehensions, at first, that she would have been the occasion of the death of my wife, or some of my children, not only from her *over-fond* attachment to them, but to *certain ancient nursery prejudices*. When my eldest child was born, though it was in the very middle of the month of July, she would

have an enormous fire lighted in the room, and a warming pan held within the curtains of the bed, whenever there was any necessity to undraw them, so much as the space of two inches, for the purpose of introducing any supply of food or drink, or medicine; so that, had not the apothecary interposed pretty peremptorily, I verily think both Emily and her offspring would have been entirely suffocated; then, the pap she made for the infant, thick enough for the spoon to stand upright in, was to be forced by *boat*-fulls into the tiny stomach of the newborn, to prevent the *wind* getting in; and, when it had been introduced in such unmerciful quantities as necessarily to occasion a degree of *distention*, so uneasy as to throw the poor child almost into convulsions, more fuel was to be added to the flame, because it was a case proved in her own mind, that *wind* had got in nevertheless, and that a child could cry for *nothing* but *wind*, and *wind* could come from nothing but *emptiness;* so that the more she kept stuffing, the more the child cried, and the more the child cried, the more she kept stuffing it.

When, at last, by dint of stuffing and cramming, she had brought it to such a state of continual suffering and continual crying, that nothing seemed likely to appease it, she revealed to us this great nursery mystery, *videlicet*, that Providence had provided for such sort of infantine cryings *but one only cure* in the whole compass of the universe; and that this one and only cure and remedy was, a BIT OF A YOUNG ROASTED SUCKING PIG!! for which she would

have had, of course, a special messenger sent out, upon the fleetest horse in the stables, to rummage and explore all the pig-styes in the country round.

It was in vain that I tried to laugh or to argue her out of any of these prepossessions: I even took the pains to describe to her, as well as I could, the narrow dimensions of an infant's stomach, and the minute vessels on which all its nourishment depended: in a joking way, though most seriously convinced of its truth, I used often to tell her, that, in all likelihood, *old nurses* and *gossips* had sent more human creatures out of life than either *guns*, or *swords*, *plague*, *pestilence*, or *famine;* and that, but for the blunders and mismanagement of such sort of good folks, half, if not two-thirds, of the infants that have perished, would probably have lived, and done well; but I might as well have talked to the wind: it generally all ended in a—"Don't tell me, my dear young gentleman, of your *halves*, and your *thirds*, and your *narrow stomachs*, and *small vessels;* how should *you* men know any thing about it? Did'nt *I* bring up *you*, and *your sister*, and *Master Tommy*, and *Miss Jenny*, (till they were *near six months old*,) and should have brought up all the whole *eleven* your mamma had, had they not turned out so *sickly* and *fitty* that there was no rearing them any how!"

She spoke truly enough, for, by all accounts, we *were* all sickly and fitty, and, I verily believe, nothing but a very accidental strength of stomach, in the case of my sister and myself, prevented our going the way of the other nine;

that is, being *killed* with *kindness: stuffed* and *crammed*, and *codled* out of this wicked world almost as soon as we were born into it.

Much as I love and esteem the good old lady herself, and many of her contemporaries, I cannot but feel satisfied, that it will be a great blessing to posterity and future generations to be born when, in the course of nature, and revolution of things, the whole race of *stuffers*, and *crammers*, and *codlers*,* are defunct, and done away from the face of the earth: I cannot call my *nine* brothers and sisters back again, but I will take all the care I can to prevent any of their nephews and nieces following them in the same premature manner, by seeing that they are reared in a way more evidently consonant to the plain dictates of nature; and I would advise every body else, who *happens to feel any desire to have their children to live and do well, and to grow up healthy and strong*, to do the same; that is, to keep an eye upon these particulars, and to be careful that every infant either has its *own natural food*, not prepared by *old nurses*, but by *young nurses*, that is, by *Providence:* or, if they be by any *invincible necessity* deprived of that *blessing*, (no-

* I include *Codlers*, not that I would have infants *starved* either by cold or hunger, but that I conceive *hot*, and *soft*, and *crowded* beds, and *heaps of flannel folded over their mouths*, and *ears*, and *noses*, cannot be *over-favourable* to the due admission of that aerial fluid on which most of the functions of life have hitherto been thought to depend: possibly, also, the *stomach*, and *mouth*, and *throat*, which often suffer the direst evils from being over-heated, might stand some chance of being a *little cooler* and more *comfortable* in the absence of such overwhelming encumbrances.

thing *less* than invincible necessity *should* deprive them of it,) that then the substitutes for that natural food be *as like it as possible;* thin, light, never given too hastily, never in too large quantities at one time; how like to all this, *boats full* of *pap* as *thick* as *mud*, and perhaps as *hot* as *fire*, and as *sweet* as *syrup*, *poured* down a child's throat while *lying flat upon its back*, *spirituous liquors*, *spices*, *beer*, *wine*, incessant doses of *Godfrey's Cordial*, *Dalby's Carminative*, &c. &c. &c., are, I leave every body possessed of common sense, and hitherto unprejudiced, to judge and determine.

I have inserted all this merely that nobody may grudge the money they shall have paid for my book, because, though I believe almost every physician in the kingdom would now give the same advice, yet not without a *guinea fee*, at least, half as much again as my book is to cost; and, besides, if any infants, in consequence of this hint, should be saved from the *thrush*, or from *fits*, or from *humours*, or from *painful dentition*, so much *crying* and *roaring* by *day* and by *night* will infallibly be prevented; so much more peace and quiet, of course, will take place in every family; good mothers will be made more happy, and bad mothers will be less teased; good nurses will get more rest, and cross nurses will be the seldomer provoked; and every poor little infant, that comes shivering and shaking into this strange world of ours, will be sure to have, not only all its pains and perils exceedingly abridged, but, by giving less trouble, and being better enabled to make its own way, will stand so much

better a chance of having more friends and fewer enemies, more good words and more good wishes, than could ever be the case under the old *stuffing, over-feeding, crying, fretting, dying* way of going on;—add to all this, *less physic* will be necessary, and therefore less of the plague and trouble of administering it; and now judge what valuable advice I have given *you*;* though certainly at the expense of a large digression from my main work,—to which it is highly necessary now to return.

The reader will easily suppose, from what I have expressed of our dislike to the bustle and noise of the metropolis, that the principal part

* By *you* I mean, at least, all persons already married, all that are *going* to be married, all that *expect* to be married, all that *mean* to be married, all that *wish* to be married, all that *ought* to be married, and all that have any influence over those that are married: I scarce think that even professed old maids and professed old bachelors are quite excluded, because, I am confident, many of the latter have nerves liable to be affected by the cries of an infant, either in the way of sympathy or provocation, (I hope, mostly of the former,) and, I verily believe, *half*, if not *two thirds*, of those piercing, and penetrating, and pitiful cries might be prevented, not in great houses only, but in our cottages, and poor-houses, if a proper system were generally adopted in regard to the *food*, *mode* of *feeding*, *clothing* and *management* of infants; while the grand secret of such an improvement, I will venture to say, merely consists in causing a little *common sense* to prevail over inveterate *prejudice*, and *nature* over *superstition*;—a hard undertaking, I know, but not hopeless, with the assistance of such advice as modern practitioners have done well to communicate in very sensible and perspicuous publications.—As little tiny infants and brute beasts cannot speak for themselves, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, why may'nt I speak for them, if an opportunity offer?

of our time was passed at Grumblethorpe, especially as long as my worthy parents lived. No events in the whole course of my life affected me more deeply (as I hope my readers will believe) than those which bereft me of my excellent parents ;—whenever I had allowed myself to dwell upon the painful prospect of our separation, it had always occurred to me, that, whichever went *first*, the other would not long survive ; and so it turned out to be :—they had lived together, from the first moment of their union, in such a state of complete harmony and agreement, that it was a most obvious conclusion to draw, that, separate and apart from each other, they could not possibly exist on this side the grave.

My poor mother died of a lingering illness, the foundation of which was laid, probably, in her close attendance on my sister, the third year after her marriage, during a violent fit of sickness. Nothing could prevent her sitting up with her, night after night, though it was in the depth of winter, not only that she might be in the way to administer to my sister's own wants, but that she might superintend, occasionally, what was going on in the nursery, where there were two young infants ill also, whom my sister could not bear (as is too commonly the case) to leave *entirely* to servants.

Just as my sister began to recover, my mother became ill, and, from one failure and ailment to another, gradually sunk into a state of debility, from which no care, nor art, nor remedy, could possibly restore her.

There never existed a better mother, there never existed a better wife! I dare not attempt to draw her picture myself; it has already been delineated by another, whose painting I shall adopt, most happy to avail myself of it.

"She had a love so great for her lord, so entirely given up to a dear affection, that she thought the same things, and loved the same loves, and breathed in his soul, and lived in his presence, and languished in his absence; and all that she was, or did, was only for, and to, her dearest lord.

"As she was a rare wife, so she was an excellent mother; for, in so tender a constitution of spirit as hers was, and in so great a kindness towards her children, there hath seldom been seen a stricter and more curious care of their persons, their deportment, their nature, their disposition, their learning, and their customs; and, if ever kindness and care did contest, and make parties in her, yet her care and her severity were ever victorious, and she knew not how to do an ill turn to their severer part, by her more tender and forward kindness, —and, as her custom was, she turned this also into love to her lord; for she was not only diligent to have them bred nobly and religiously, but also was careful and solicitous that they should be taught to observe all the circumstances and inclinations, the desires and wishes of their father, as thinking that virtue to have no good circumstances, which was not dressed by *his* copy, and ruled by *his* life, and his affections; and her prudence in the managing her children was so singular and rare, that, when-

ever you mean to bless a family, and pray a hearty and profitable prayer for it, beg of God that the children may have those excellent things, which (my mother) designed for (*us*,) and provided for (*us*,) in her heart and wishes; that they may live in her purposes, and grow thither, whither *she* would fain have brought *us*;" she was, in short, "in her house a comfort to her dearest lord, a guide to her children, a rule to her servants, and an example to all." This, I can safely say, is an exact portrait of my dear and excellent mother.

My father, as a man, a husband, and a parent, was, in all respects, as correct, as amiable, and (I had almost said) as rare and singular. *His* attachment to my *mother* was exactly in proportion to *her* attachment to *him*; and, in regard to his *children*, the same struggles of care and kindness were conspicuous in his whole deportment; when reproof was necessary, he was not backward to administer it; but his love and kindness were still so predominant, that it was plain to see, that chiding was his *strange work*; I *must* say, that neither my sister nor myself gave him much trouble in this way; the chief thing I have to reproach *myself* with is, a sort of inattention to his feelings, occasionally, arising merely from the disparity of years between us, which, I am sensible, must at times have interfered with his enjoyments. I would gladly recall now, if I could, many opportunities I suffered to pass, of being more in his company, and more in the way of his advice and instruction: I may mistake, but it seems to me now he is gone, as though I certainly

omitted attentions of this kind, which, I fear, the best of children are liable to do; a failing Cowper has so admirably touched in his Task, that I cannot help reminding my reader of so beautiful a passage.

" Some friend is gone,—perhaps—
A *Father*, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and must'ring all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might low'r
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threat'ning, at once, and nourishing the plant;
We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand
That rear'd us,—at a thoughtless age, allur'd
By every gilded folly, we renounc'd
His shelt'ring side, and wilfully forewent
That converse which we now in vain regret;
How gladly would the *man* recall to life
The *boy's* neglected sire! a mother, too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of Death.

When I reflect on these things, it appears to me one of the strongest natural arguments for the immortality of the soul, and the renewal of our earthly relations in a world to come, that even where the greatest possible attachment subsists between parents and their children, the mere disparity of years inevitably prevents that complete association of feelings, and intimate fellowship of heart and soul, which is the cement and prerogative of all other friendships: in a world to come, but no where else, these things may be set to rights, and such attachments receive their full completion.

For many years my father acted as a magistrate merely for the sake of doing good; thinking it possible, as he used to say, that, in a low degree, it might give him opportunities of becoming "a refuge to the needy," "eyes," perhaps, "to the blind," or "feet to the lame;" and, indeed, this was the bent and aim of all his proceedings. While his personal character and rank in life gave him weight with his higher neighbours, so that he could easily prevent all oppression and partiality, his strict justice, extreme courtesy, and known benevolence to those below him, had the effect, upon all occasions, of animating the good, and intimidating the base: which intimidation arose, not so much out of any dread of his power, or apprehension of his severity, (for the milk of human kindness flowed through all his veins,) but from the mere feeling and persuasion that to do wrong would disoblige *the squire*, or *my lord*, as it ran latterly;—he made a point of hearing every complaint and every defence with the utmost temper, patience and civility, and, when he had discovered to the best of his apprehension where the fault really lay, he gave sentence in such a manner as should serve at once to vindicate the equity, propriety, and necessity of the law, convince the guilty of the atrociousness and folly of his conduct, and reconcile the parties for the time to come:—my father's chosen motto, indeed, seemed to be,—"*Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos*," which I shall take leave to translate,—"*To aid the lowly, and restrain the proud;*" but I have often heard him say, he was not unfrequently

puzzled; for he did not always find the *superbi* among the rich, or the *subjecti* among the poor.

His death was almost sudden to those that were about him. That he never enjoyed himself after the decease of my poor mother, was evident to us all; but what he actually felt and suffered he kept a profound secret; he complained of nothing, but it was very perceptible that his old amusements had lost all their attractions; that time hung heavy on his hands, and his appetite failed: that he himself foresaw that his end was approaching, I conclude from many conversations he had with me, and from some particular directions and advice he seemed more than commonly anxious to impress upon my mind. A few hours only before he died, (which happened at last, suddenly, as he sat in his chair,) he called me to him, and formally thanked me for my attention and kindness to him; spoke in raptures of my mother, and expressed a hope that they should soon meet again; he exhorted me to be kind and indulgent, when he was gone, to all his tenants and servants:—"As a *Nobleman*," said he, "I hope you will always act *nobly*, which is almost all I can say upon the subject; degrade not yourself by low company, or low amusements, yet be condescending: a great man is never so great as when he stoops to those who are only below him in the accidental circumstances of fortune or station; endeavour always to be reserved without pride, and familiar without meanness. As a Peer, if you ever come to sit in the House, be independent; not vexatiously

thwarting and harassing the Executive at every turn, (which it is as easy for *him* to do who *deserves* no place as for *him* who scorns to *solicit* one,) but preserve such a clear freedom of opinion, as may fully satisfy your own mind, that you have not bound yourself by any irrevocable obligation to vote one way or the other; give no proxy; it will be your privilege, but it seems to me a mere burlesque upon the *debates* of the House; a fair one, perhaps, often, but not creditable; vote and decide for yourself. I hope I need not say, *be religious;*—I trust you have ever had such examples before your eyes, in this respect, as may have made an indelible impression upon your mind; yet, be careful; the world abounds with snares and temptations; the more you possess in *this* world, the more you *must* have to *account for*, and the more you *may* have to *lose* in the world to come, where *earthly* delights, and *earthly* riches, and *earthly* pretensions will be utterly unknown.

These were among the last words he uttered: in three hours after, he was carried a corpse to his chamber, and the glittering coronet, with all its dangerous accompaniments and weighty encumbrances, descended upon my head.

In looking over his papers after his death, the following lines were found, blotted in places, and evidently written in haste. Being in his own hand, and having in one corner of the paper a date corresponding nearly with the period of my mother's death, I can scarce doubt but they were written upon that occa-

sion, though he certainly never showed them to any of us, and does not appear to have even taken the pains to write them out fair; on which account, perhaps, I ought not to make them public; but I cannot quite reconcile it to myself to suppress them, as they manifestly bespeak a most resigned temper of mind, under one of the sorest calamities incident to human nature.

How without rule are the decrees of God!
How He chastises!—How He spares the rod!—
Scarce does it ever seem that *right* prevails;
How oft Guilt *flourishes*, and Virtue *fails*!—
What must I think of this severe decree,
Which, thro' the will of God, now humbles Me?
Am I to think HIM *kind*, who could destroy
Every fond hope I had of lasting joy?
Am I to think HIM *merciful*, who knew
The pangs I felt, and yet his aid withdrew?—
Am I to think HIM *good*, who could ordain
To innocence and worth disease and pain?—
Am I to think HIM *wise*, who could withdraw
The fairest pattern that the world e'er saw?
The best example of the purest life;
The fondest mother, and the chastest wife;
The mildest mistress, and the warmest friend?
Could bring such virtues to an early end?
HE who could re-illume the languid eye,
And have deferr'd at will the parting sigh?
Have turn'd aside the threat'ning dart of death,
Have help'd the feeble pulse, the short'ning breath?
Am I to think HIM *gracious*, *good*, and *kind*,
Who saw the bitter anguish of my mind,
And yet, alike unmov'd by pray'r or tear,
Tore from my bosom all I held most dear?
Yes—GOOD HE IS!—and on this hope I live;
He knows the scene's *unfinish'd*—He can give,

In some superior world of peace and bliss,
A compensation for the pains of this!
Perhaps the sorrows that we here endure
May make the *happiness of heav'n* more sure;
To part so soon, perhaps, whate'er the pain,
May make it happier to meet again;
Perhaps the very stroke that caus'd my grief
May have prov'd kind to *her*, and brought relief:
I'm left to suffer what I scarce can bear;
She is in shelter, and above all care!
She left her *children* innocent and free;
I have to guide them through life's stormy sea!
She left *me* safe; and (for I hid my wo)
She saw me look at ease, and thought me so:
But had she known my smiles were all pretence,
Scarce Heav'ns high summons could have call'd her hence!
Almost, had she but seen my aching heart,
She would have given up heav'n, not to part!
To comfort *me* she would have shunn'd no pain;
To comfort *me* she would return again;
But that she knows, perhaps, my better doom;
Sees in my present pangs a bliss *to come;*
Sees for the *chasten'd* God reserves the *best,*
And for the *heavier-laden,* sweeter *rest!*

Some of the *lines* undoubtedly do not exactly apply to the period and circumstances of *my mother's death*, so that *perhaps*, after all, they *may* relate to *some other event;* but it must at least have been one extremely similar in most points. They were *certainly written* on the *loss* of a *beloved wife*, and that wife a *mother* also.

I shall dwell, however, no longer on a subject so melancholy, but proceed to the winding up of my family history.

Nothing made me happier than to find that my marriage with *Emily* was of great benefit to her father and the rest of the family. The

singular worth of this excellent divine would, in *all probability*, have been left without any *earthly reward*, and he might have mouldered away the rest of his life in the *Vicarage* of Grumblethorpe, had it not been for this *alliance;* this seemed immediately to give him a *more than ordinary claim* to the *higher appointments* in the *Church;* which, jointly or successively, he obtained, till he arrived at a station which has enabled him to provide well for all his other children.

Nor let any ever pretend to think, that, because I happen to have thus dwelt upon the *claim* of *high alliance*, Mr. Mandeville had *no other pretensions* or *claims;* for I am bold to say, that *his* elevation, however obtained, has been in no manner likely to have the effect of *excluding* or *keeping back* any other Divine of *better* pretensions; an event certainly to be apprehended in cases of this nature, and which, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, (*perhaps.*) SOMETIMES HAPPENS.

And I might confidently say quite as much with regard to the promotion of my reverend and valuable friend, Mr. Hargrave,—who began to rise in his profession from the very moment my father became a *Peer*, and acquired an *interest* in the Scotch *boroughs;* and has obtained excellent preferment, evidently *not* so much on account of his *own private virtue*, and *merit*, as because he had the good luck to be *tutor* to one of us *noble Clodpoles;* as *such*, I acknowledge he might very well have deserved it, for such an appointment bespeaks *talents*, at least, and the more *Clodpole* the more labour; I must, however, confess, that I am

honest and public spirited enough to feel *some* alarm upon such occasions; for there is such a *number* of *us noble Clodpoles* always growing up, (though all the nobility are not such *Clodpoles* as myself, Heaven forbid!) but there are *so many of us*, altogether, bright and dull, whose tutors and instructers have all the same claims and expectations, that I fear what with this *never-ceasing* demand on the *dignities*, and *revenues*, and *snug* appointments of the CHURCH, together with that of natural or accidental *alliances* into the bargain, modest worth, unobtrusive merit, and unprotected talents may *sometimes* be overlooked and debarred of their fair rewards.

The *Church*, besides, (*Thinks-I-to-myself*,) is expected to pay tribute to *every other profession*, without receiving any thing in return; to the *State*, to the *Law*, to the *Army*, to the *Navy*;—nay, even to the *Physical* line; for, if any man's *brother*, *uncle*, *son*, *son-in-law*, or *nephew*, *wife's father*, or *wife's brother*, happens to become LORD CHANCELLOR, or SECRETARY OF STATE, or is killed in the command of a FLEET at *Sea*, or of an ARMY in the *Field*, or cures, or pretends to cure, or is supposed to cure, a *Prince*, or a *Peer*, or a *Prelate*, He (*that* is, the relation of said distinguished person) may forthwith rise as high in the *Church* as ever he pleases, without any further *Q u a l i f i* (I was going to write *qualification*, but you see I have scratched it out; any other *—ation* may perhaps do as well, as examin*ation*, prob*ation*, &c. &c. &c. &c.) *Stalls*, *Deaneries*, nay, even *Bishoprics* are immediately put *within*

his reach, though undoubtedly the *very same pretensions* could never have elevated him to the *Bench* in *Westminster Hall*, without *some* superior knowledge of, or practice in, the *Law*, nor procured him the command of a *fleet* or of an *army*, without *some* naval or military *talents* or *services* into the bargain.

I do not say these things, mark me, gentle reader, out of any spite, whatsoever, to the *aristocracy*, (for I must, of course, be *naturally* a friend to it,) nor merely because I happened to marry a *Parson's* daughter, but because I was bred up from a child to feel sensibly for the *honour* and *credit* of the *established* CHURCH, and therefore could not help falling occasionally into *reflections* of this nature, as upon other topics; else, as a *Peer*, I know that I should do most wisely to let things remain *just exactly as they are;* for, as there is now a great prospect that my dear Emily and myself may have several little *Clodpoles* to provide for, and as *sinecures* must needs be the fittest things in the world for such *sine-talents*, I might as well *leave* the Stalls, and Deaneries, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c., to help *us* out in the way of such *family accommodations*, as they hitherto have done; besides that, *now* and *then*, (to speak honestly,) for the very credit of the church, I would heartily wish to see persons of *high* birth and distinction preferred; I say *now* and *then*;—but to return to my *text*, to speak ecclesiastically.

Mr. Mandeville has now been for some time (solely, as I believe, in virtue of *my* marriage with *Emily*) Dean of A———, Canon Resi-

dentiary of B———, Prebendary of C———, Chancellor and Archdeacon of D———, besides holding *two* livings in (*what is commonly called*) the KING's Gift!

Mr. Hargrave I hope soon to see a *bishop*, if the present administration continue in; not that I am quite sure that I shall not *support* their successors if they should happen to go out,—so that his chance is good either way.

I would not have you fancy, however, worthy reader, that I am prepared to vote with any minister through thick and thin;—no, nor yet with any opposition in the *same way*,—I do not like to clog the wheels of the Executive Government unnecessarily; there is always much *hard work* to be done, and *somebody* must do it; and whoever does do it must have the patience of Job, at least, to bear the abuses to which they will be subject, *right* or *wrong*; and, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, one man is much like another when once in office, and if any great or *out*-of-the-way occurrences come to pass, I am still free to judge for myself, for *place* or *pension* I have none:—I am *pledged* to no *mob*, and I have not one friend or dependant who wishes to be served at the expense of my integrity.

I have not mentioned a word about my introduction at *Court*, because every body will conceive it to have taken place as a matter of course: I can only say, I have never *much* frequented that august assembly, partly because I hate crowds and parade, and partly because I never wish to be considered as a *mere courtier*, —and as for going to Court merely for *going*-

to-court-sake, *so many* have found their way there *of late*, who, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, were probably neither *wanted* nor *expected*, that *Peers* and *Peeresses*, I should think, might well have leave to stay away, if it were merely to make room.

I shall, however, take upon me to assert, (though, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, millions, perhaps, of my fellow subjects may be ready to dispute such *high* pretensions,) that, whenever I *have had occasion* to approach the *person* of my SOVEREIGN, he could not have had near him a more ATTACHED FRIEND, a more DEVOTED SERVANT, or a more LOYAL SUBJECT.—

HEAVEN BLESS HIM!—MAY HE LIVE LONG, AND MAY HE BE HAPPY, HERE AND HEREAFTER!!!!!!

———The REGENT too———

Why, HEAVEN BLESS HIM also!

And, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, since it is the way with Kings and Princes to have the speeches they are to deliver on great and solemn occasions prepared to their hands, I have one ready for our noble *Prince*, which, I think, most people will account particularly fit and suitable, when the time comes for his surrendering up his present *high* and *most important* TRUST into the hands of his recovered parent.—

——"There is your Crown,
And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your Honour, and as your Renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending."

I defy any minister to provide one more appropriate.—A few words about my Parliamentary duties, and I have done:—I never spoke while I was a member of the House of Commons, and I never speak now in the House of Peers, (though I have for some time had the honour of being one of the sixteen,) but, while other members and other Lords have been speaking, I confess, I have often *thought to myself* a great deal, and almost wondered that I never drew the attention of some of the orators to the part I must have *appeared* to be taking in the debate:—I have sometimes almost felt as if some speaker would say,—"As the noble Lord there *by the fire* (or on the *opposite bench*, or *near* the *wool-sack*) *appears* to be THINKING."—The fact is, perhaps, I have generally been *thinking* what none of them would much like to confess.

Another thing, however, which has much deterred me from *speaking*, is the newly-erected little house of parliament in a *certain city*, for which (generally speaking) I entertain the highest respect; but where, of late, the speeches and acts of the members of both the Lords' and Commons' house have been arraigned, criticised, and *condemned*, with such *extreme severity*, *rancour*, and *contempt*, that, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, surely *legislating* must be ten times easier than weighing out of plums or brewing of beer—both very important callings at all times,—and, while *pudding* and *ale* have any charms and influence, far more likely to be popular than any higher callings or professions whatsoever:—my hope is, therefore,

that we shall soon have no need of *Courts*, and *Cabinet Councils*, and *Privy Councils*, and *Grand Councils* of the *Realm*, but that all the business of the nation, and all the affairs of Europe, may be far better settled by the COURT of COMMON COUNCIL of the CITY of ————.

ENVY, HATRED, MALICE, and all UNCHARITABLENESS: from ALL SEDITION, PRIVY CONSPIRACY, and REBELLION, &c. &c. &c.

Comm. Pray. B. fol. 17.

There is nothing to which I have ever paid more attention than to all cases of public or private grievance submitted to Parliament, because I hold it to be one of the first principles of our constitution, and one for which I will ever most strenuously contend, that the meanest subject has a right to complain of any real injury, and strictly deserves to be heard; and that Parliament is most imperiously bound to redress all such injuries and hardships when duly proved and made known.

True it is, that I have occasionally heard cases so aggravated as to end in the arrantest "*Parturiunt Montes*," that ever could be conceived:—many a mountain of this kind has brought forth scarcely so much as a mouse, after such *pangs* and *throes*, and alarming *labours* of *parturition*, as would have led one at least to expect some great *Behemoth* or *Leviathan*, and the *noise*, and *parade*, and *fuss* of which have often gone near to scare me out of my wits;—still, I am for stopping no mouths:—aggravated or not aggravated, if grievances are but supposed to exist, I would have the case heard:—when I was in the House of Commons, there

was a certain set of members, who were for ever entertaining us with grievances; and, as the name of one of them happened to be *Warble*,* I used to call them my *warblers*, so sweetly did their notes accord with my feelings;—but, while I say this in their praise, I must explicitly declare, that there is nothing I hold in greater abomination than *murmuring*, and *grumbling*, and *complaining*, for mere *mischief-sake:* to excite unnecessary alarm, and unreasonable discontent;—such people I hold in utter abhorrence; but, as none such are to be found at present, I shall scarcely be understood, perhaps, unless I more particularly describe the exact character; about *seventy-three* years ago, the character seems to have been well understood, and perhaps much earlier; for what I am about to transcribe is from the *eleventh* edition of the work I refer to, the date of my particular copy being 1738.—

"At first," says the author, "he (that is, *the mischief-maker*) sets up for a mighty patriot, and pretends a great concern for his country; then he descants upon the great advantages of liberty, and runs through all the changes of property: in his way he has a fling at the Prerogative, and sets the subject above the Sovereign; these discoveries work upon the rabble, who constitute him guardian of their privileges; they give themselves up to his conduct, and, for a pledge of their blind obedience, present

* So full was this Gentleman's hands at one time of such sort of business, that it was said by *some*, (I apprehend only in jest,) that he actually *kept* a *Clarke* to collect and supply him with materials.

him with their eyes and understanding; he is the only patriot in the nation; he alone *stands in the gap*, and opposes arbitrary designs and prerogative innovations; the Atlas that sustains liberty and defends property against state encroachments.

"Now, has this man more zeal for his country, or more religion, than his neighbour? Not at all; his concern is interest, and his religion mask and artifice; his vanity at court exceeded his force, and his merit or fortune kept not pace with his ambition; the wind blew in his teeth, and now he tacks about, and makes for a Republic:—now, these popular men, these men of applause, have two-thirds of a traitor; and I take it for a general rule, that he is no good subject who *runs away* with the heart of the vulgar; their intellectuals are too weak, or their passions too strong, to distinguish truth:" so far the book of 1738: I shall only say, *Caveat Auditor*, therefore,—let him that hath ears to hear *continual complaints from the same mouth, and nothing but complaints from year's end to year's end*, BEWARE; for, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, "He that seeks *perfection on earth*, leaves nothing new for the Saints to find in heaven; for, whilst *men* teach, there will be mistakes in Divinity, and, as long as no other govern, errors in the State; therefore, be not *over-lickorish* after *change*, lest you muddy your present felicity with a future greater and more sharp inconvenience."

With *one* eye upon these hazards, and the other upon the imperfections incident to all human undertakings, I ever most conscientious-

ly apply my best efforts and influence to rectify and meliorate whatever appears to me really capable of rectification and melioration, without exciting or fomenting a greater spirit of discontent and uneasiness than the real state of the case, after all fair allowances, shall seem to warrant. Clodpole as I am, I am not so blind or stupid as never to see any thing that wants mending or putting to rights in the great vessel of the state; but, knowing the extreme delicacy and beauty of the machinery on which all its movements and all its advantages depend, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, Heaven forbid that any very rough or inexpert hands should ever be intrusted with its repair or renovation!

> "Thee,—native nook of earth!—though squeez'd
> By public exigence till annual food
> Fails for the craving hunger of the State,—
> Thee I account still happy, and the chief
> Among the nations, seeing thou art free;
> And, being free, I love thee; for the sake
> Of that one feature can be well content,
> Disturb'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
> To seek no sublunary rest beside."

And now I have fairly brought my narrative to an end; (*Thinks-I-to-myself*, how glad will you all be to hear it!) if, however, any body should wish to know more about *me*, as, for instance, the very year when I succeeded to the title, how many children I have, how old I am now, in what street I live, &c. &c., let them look to the list of Scotch peers in the *red* book under K, or into any of the Peerages under

title KILGARNOCK, and of course they will find all these particulars at full length; and if they should have heads clear enough to make out what relation I am to the first Earl of *Tay-and-Tumble*, I will freely acknowledge them to be much cleverer than I ever pretend to be.

What, for instance, will they make of the following *string* of *parentheses* which occur in the very middle of my grand pedigree? (which *John*, son of the said *James*, by his third wife *Bridgetina*, daughter and co-heiress of Archibald Frazer, cousin-german to *Simon*, fourth Earl of *Tay-and-Tumble*, in virtue of his descent in a *right line* from *Margaret*, granddaughter of *O'Brien*, the second Earl,) which Margaret, (who died in child-bed of her thirteenth child,) was wife to Sir David *Carnegie*, of *Carnegie*, in the County of *Clackmaman*, Knight, second son of Montgomery *Carnegie*, of Kincardin, by *Dorothea Eliza*, daughter of John *Gordon*, Earl of *Tullibumkin*, and niece to the first Lord *Baldonemore*, some time grand huntsman to king Malcolm II.) (from whom are descended the Baldonemores of *Craigraddock* in Kincardistine,) by whom she had *five* daughters and *seven* sons, *videlicet*, Clotilda, (married to the Lord *de Nithesdale*,) who died, leaving issue Charles, (married to *Eleanora*, granddaughter to *Robert*, fifth Earl of *Belgarvy*,) Robert and Alice,—Mary,—Isabella,—Jemima, (who all died young,) Anne, married, first, Sir David *Bruce*, of *Fingask*, secondly, Constantine Lord Viscount *Lochmaben*, by whom she had three sons and as many daughters; and thirdly, a common soldier, named Duncan Mac-

leod,) Alexander, (first Lord of *Strathbogy*,) Charles,—William,—Patrick,—Adam,—James, —Thomas,—David,—and Cosmo,—from which *Cosmo*, (who married Jemima, fourth daughter of *John*, son of *Robert*, Earl of *Tay-and-Tumble*,—nephew of Nicodemus Baron *Kilgarnock*,) the present *noble family of Kilgarnock*, (who intermarrying, &c. &c. &c. &c.) *that is*, some how or other got among the *Dermonts*, and so finally settled in *me*, the *Clodpole*, now head of all this illustrious house;—who, I hope, all sleep quietly in their graves, for, if any of them were to arise, I am sure I should not know one of them.

In short, I suppose the Heralds know who I am, and how I came to be what I am, and therefore I am satisfied; otherwise, if my honours all depended on my own understanding of my own descent from my great ancestor, the first Earl of *Tay-and-Tumble*, I will freely acknowledge I should give up my peerage at once; for, upon the most diligent search I can make into matters, it still *appears* to me, that all my dignities depend, first, on my father's great aunt having neither father nor mother, and, secondly, on my great great *grandmother's* being *brother* to the *sister* of one of the old Lord *Tay-and-Tumble's* uncle's cousins:—there may *possibly* be *some misprints* and *perplexities* in the peerages I have examined, as *I find many of the like kind in those of other families*, and therefore who knows but that other Peers have been about as much puzzled as myself? I confess, how my father's great aunt could have no father or mother, seems to me,

as nearly as can be, inexplicable; yet so the matter stands according to the books; and I therefore feel bound in honour to mention it, for fear any of my readers should think I am deceiving them.

On looking back, I see there is one important matter I have accidentally forgotten to mention, viz. that in a little time after my grand *hymeneals*, and Miss Twist's *stolen wedding* with young *Muster Dash*, poor Mrs. Fidget died of a cancer on her tongue!

And now, *Thinks-I-to-myself*, I have quite, entirely done.

GENTLE READER! as you and I may never meet again,

FARE THEE WELL.

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